THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NORTHERN WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

We sit at ease in our Northern homes,
Mother, daughter, sister, or wife,
And by the light of the evening lamp
Recount the toils of the soldier's life.

We sit at ease in our Northern homes,
Whose calm, monotonous life rolls on
With peace, and quiet, and daily cares,
The selfsame round as in years agone.

Not a sight or a sound of strife
Breaks on the peaceful stillness here,
But the most, aye, all of our daily life
Is the hour when tidings of war are near.

And we read of the deadly ambush fire—
Of sentinel killed by a midnight blow—
Of treacherous flags that lured brave men
To meet their death from a crafty foe.

Great Heav'n! must we sit idly here,
Even while the glow in each heart flames higher,
And every drop of the bounding tide
Scorches its way like molten fire?

Our sex—our weakness are all forgot—
We only feel that our souls are strong
For any deed in our country's need
That can to a patriot's arm belong.

And is there nothing that we can do,
But learn that lesson most hard of fate—
To quench each thrill of indignant wrong,
And trembling ardor, and only—wait?

Pray? Ah, yes, but on yonder field
Our friends, our brothers, weltering lie,
And—God forgive us—the words leap forth
Hoarse and loud as a battle-cry.

Oh! for a soldier's life, to be
Up and doing at duty's call,—
A glorious life for those who live,
A glorious death for those who fall.

Tuscarora Pen, N. Y.

A HEART STRUGGLE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Not far from the Manse at Ivihaugh was a small plantation of fir-trees, adjoining a shady lane, where my father would now and then walk in the evening. The whole extent of the lane was distinctly visible from the windows of the Manse. It was thickly wooded with straggling furze-bushes, and, save for its close vicinity to the Manse, its situation was lonely in the extreme.

One evening, little less than a month after that dreadful scene between the two gentlemen, papa, as he was often wont to do, strolled out for a walk. It was a very dark evening, but the stars were out; the wind was high and keen. My father had a habit of taking his exercise in the dark, when there were no eyes to observe him; and as mamma, in her timid way, had begged him to alter the direction of his usual walk, he persisted, in his obstinate way, and out of bravado, in disregarding her advice. I myself, being naturally timid, would have preferred his choosing a path where he would be less likely to come in collision with the minister; and on the particular evening I allude to he stayed out so long that I felt nervous, and determined to follow him.

It was nine o'clock, and papa had been away more than two hours. So I dressed myself and walked out.

The lane and the plantation had been christened by one name—the Deil's Heugh; and they had a bad reputation on account of certain crimes said to have been committed in the neighborhood long years before. Tradition threw a cloud over them.

The wind blew in my face, and plucked at me, and dragged me this way and that; but my state of mind had grown to be such that external sights and sounds had little effect on me. I walked along, in the direction of the Deil's Heugh, in the teeth of the wind, half enjoying the noise in the air, half saddened by the cold pitiless light of the stars. When I gained the nearer end of the lane, I looked towards the Manse. There were no lights visible in the windows; all were feebly reflecting the sheeny light of heaven. Far down the lane, which was about a quarter of a mile long, I caught sight of a man's figure, which I immediately concluded to be that of papa. Scarcely knowing which course to adopt, but urged on by some irrepressible instinct, I followed, keeping him still at a distance. He passed round the curve, and I lost sight of him. Walking on, I reached the curve, where the furze-bushes were thickest, and, looking forward, I saw him sitting on the low stone-wall of the plantation. It was papa. A moment afterwards I became conscious of another dark figure, which moved behind among the trees. Before I could draw a breath, the figure had advanced, stolen suddenly behind papa, grasped him round the throat, and dragged him backwards. They fell together, and then arose struggling. I was too frightened to speak. Something glistened and fell; there was a loud cry for help, and the two rolled over and over on the rough rooted ground. There was a horrid pause of a few seconds. Then one of the dark figures rose, looking wildly around as in fear. It stooped again, as if to look into the fallen man's face. I could not move from the spot; my voice failed me, my heart seemed to die out. I crouched behind the bushes, peering wildly, in a fascinated horror, through the prickly branches. Again the figure rose, and stepped over the stone-wall into the lane. Here the light of the stars fell full upon it; and in the pale glamor I recognized a dress I knew full well—the hat and cloak of the minister, my lover. My blood froze to ice, my pulses clenched, as the figure crept off through the darkness in the direction of the Manse. It was the Rev. Mr. Macbraith.

Heaven for a few moments gave me supernatural strength. I followed the figure with my eye. Assurance was rendered doubly sure—it was indeed my lover. The horrible despair of that moment gave me courage. I walked towards the plantation, and stepped over the stone-wall. All was dark. My foot stepped on some soft liquid pool, which I knew by instinct was blood. The next moment I almost tripped over the body. The stars shone in through an opening in the trees, and, stooping down, I recognized my father's face. Oh, horrible! The throat was cut from ear to ear, and in the struggle several gashes had been inflicted about the body and on the hands. I screamed now, but my voice had lost its power. Then I stooped down, and strove to lift the body, and drag it to the lane. The weight was beyond my strength. Again I screamed, but the wind drowned my voice. I reflected, too, that my cries might bring back the murderer, who would soon make short work of the only witness to his crime. Overcome with the horror of my position, I lost consciousness for an instant. When I recovered, I was still lying on the same spot, and my clothes were wet with blood. I felt as if I were mad, and screamed again wildly. Then I ran shrieking out of the plantation, and—I know not in which direction, up or down the lane. Suddenly I saw a light approaching from the distance. I made for it hastily. It came nearer and nearer—a man with a lantern. I rushed forward wildly; and in a moment afterwards fell shuddering and screaming at the feet of the minister, who was without his cloak, and bareheaded. At sight of him I swooned away once more.

When I recovered, I was lying in his arms, and the light of the lantern was thrown upon his face.

"Jessie! Miss Hayman!" he was exclaiming; "speak! What is the meaning of this? This is blood."

I glanced wildly up into his pale fierce face, and it seemed lit with a horrible deathly suspicion that I was cognizant of his crime. Should he suspect me, my life would not be worth a straw. I made a great and violent effort, clinging to him, and conquering my loathing for him. With a dreadful cunning, I thought I could persuade him that I was ignorant of what he had done.

"Help! help!" I cried. "Oh, Mr. Macbraith, fly for assistance. My poor father has been murdered."

"Murdered!" he exclaimed; "and this—" he touched my wet hand.

COL. JOHNSON ENDEAVORING TO CAPTURE A REBEL OFFICER, BUT GETS A WIG.

The above picture, engraved expressly for The Post, from an engraving in *Frank Leslie*, illustrates an incident at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. On the last day of the action, and while the rebels were flying in confusion from their works, three of the officers in their flight passed very near the place where Col. A. K. Johnson, of the 28th Illinois, was stationed. The Colonel instantly started in pursuit. Coming within pistol range, he fired at the nearest of his flying foes; this brought the rebel officer down on his horse's neck. Col. Johnson believing this to be a feint to avoid a second shot, determined to drag him from his saddle by main force. Riding up to his side for this purpose, he seized him by the hair of his head, but to his astonishment and disgust, he only brought off the rebel Major's wig. Instantly recovering his headway, he again started for the delinquent, but his pistol had done its work, and before the Colonel reached him his lifeless body had fallen from the saddle. The two remaining rebel officers made good their escape. Later in the day Col. Johnson had his horse nearly cut in two by a cannon ball.

"Is blood—his blood," I murmured. "Go."

No wonder that the wretch shuddered. How poorly he seemed to act his loathsome part!

"Let me go, I beg you," I whispered; "fly for assistance. I will wait here."

"How did this happen?"

"Not now, I cannot speak now. You shall hear all at any time. Yet, stay. I was passing along the highway, when I heard screams, and knowing this to be a favorite walk of my father's, I ran hither. When I reached this spot, all was still; but suddenly a groan fell upon my ear. Following the sound, I passed over among the trees, and found him lying yonder, dead."

The minister placed me hastily down, and ran swiftly along the lane to the plantation. In a minute he returned. His face was snow-white, he trembled visibly, and his whole manner was full of suspicion and terror.

"This is dreadful," he said gloomily. "Stay here, Jessie, until I awaken the village. Your father was no friend of mine; but his murderer shall not escape, if I can help it."

"He shall not," I said to myself, with a cold, icy determination to do my duty at all hazards.

He ran swiftly up the lane and along the highway. I could hear his footsteps die away on the hard road. Suddenly I lost all petty fear, and sat in a blank despair, looking at the blood upon my hands. Then I heard voices in the distance, and knew that help was nigh. The voices grew louder and louder. Soon I saw a dark crowd, with the minister at its head, and armed with pitchforks, sticks, and lanterns, come running down the lane. I was lifted to my feet and supported by two strong peasants. Led by Macbraith, we moved along to the plantation. Cries of horror and fear crept through the crowd as the light fell upon the dead man's ghastly bloody face and upturned dissevered throat. He was lifted up by shuddering hands, and laid across a bier of sticks placed crosswise. Now was the time to speak. Releasing myself from my supporters, I crept up to Mr. Macbraith, who was directing the rest. I put my arms around his neck and pressed him close to me; my finger-nails seemed to sink into his flesh; my wild eyes burned into his with a fierce and fascinating horror.

"Comfort; have no fear," he whispered, thinking I was afraid; and (horror of horrors!) he kissed me. With a shudder I crept closer to him, and cried out to the men:

"Seize this man! Help, secure him! He is the murderer of my father!"

He tried to shake me off, but in vain.

"The minister!" they all cried, in doubt and terror.

"Ay, the minister!" I screamed, holding him fast. "Seize him, all of you! He has murdered my father. I saw the deed with my own eyes. Seize him. He will escape."

Pale, and quivering in every limb, he struggled to shake me off; for I was choking him. After pausing for a moment, the villagers tore him away from me, and secured him.

"She is mad," he cried.

I gazed wildly at him for a moment; the air swooned around me, and I was again deaf to sound.

Hours passed before I was again myself. I opened my eyes in a cottage, and I was lying dressed on the bed. I had been carefully washed during my trance, that the stains of blood might not appal me on awakening.—With a leaden, deadly weight at my heart, and a seeming calm that arose from utter despair, I looked around me. Then I became conscious that my mother was seated by my bed, with her head on the coverlet, moaning and sobbing. She flung her arms around my neck, and cried out blindly and bitterly,

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie, my wullu' bairn, ye hae brought us to this! Didna I ken Richard Macbraith lang syne? and wasna his brither Sandie ane o' the mony that wanted to be marryit till me? And didna Macbraith vow vengeance ower and ower again on the heid o' your puir faither? and noo it's dune, dune. The minister has murderit your faither, and ye the lo'ed ane o' the minister. I shall dee! —I shall dee!"

I tried to comfort her, but she was inconsolable. Well, her grief was wild and violent, and I knew enough of human nature to feel that such grief soon exhausted itself in tears. Those are the bitterest hearts which grow stone-dry in their sorrow, and beat leadenly, without relief, and without demonstration.

"What has been done?" I cried, starting up, and suddenly recollecting all that had passed.

"Oh, my bairn! Jessie, your faither is lyin' cauld be the cottage next door, Mistress Stewart's; and the minister is in the han's o' the men. They hae him fast, fast, in our ain house, and are waiting gin the police come doun frae Meiklegude. Tam Howieson has ridden awa to fetch them twa hours syne, and they'll be doun at ance."

I hid my face in my hands, terrified at my own cruel strength. Well, I had a duty to do, and I would go through with it. I had been trifled with, trampled upon, by a villain,—that was all. Ah, how bitterly did I reproach myself for not having listened to the warning of my poor dear father, of whose death I had been partly the cause! It was now clear to me that he had estimated Macbraith aright, and that I had been blinded wholly by my youth and inexperience. My Heart Struggle was over at last, and it had left a long, weary blank of utter despair.

I got up from the bed and walked to the cottage-door. The moon was low, there were faint bright streaks in the east, and the stars were fading. There was a clatter of hoofs, and immediately afterwards two of the county constabulary, with the villager Howieson on horseback, drove up in their dog-cart.

"Stop!" cried Howieson; and they all reined up at the door of the cottage.

They followed me in-doors, and questioned me about the murder. After passing into the neighboring cottage and looking at the body, they rejoined us. My mother was wild in her grief and protestations, and to her the constables soon ceased to pay any attention. Having heard me out, they asked for the prisoner, and we informed them of his whereabouts. My mother stayed at the cottage; but I insisted on accompanying them to our house. Arrived there, we found all in a state of strange commotion. The street-door was open, and a throng of villagers were assembled on the door-steps and in the lobby. The constables elbowed their way into the house, and I followed. At the door of the study we found three stalwart men, and were informed that the prisoner was within that room. The constables entered boldly, and I peered in timidly. The lamp was lit, and my father's papers and books were scattered on the table and about the room, just as he had left them. Macbraith was seated in my father's chair, with his head between his hands. He looked up as they entered, and caught a glimpse of me, whereon I entered firmly. Never shall I forget the wild, grieved expression of his stern and contorted features. He looked at me more sorrowfully than angrily, and then arose sternly.

"Is this the prisoner?" asked one of the constables.

"That is the man," I said.

"There must be some mistake here," quoth the other constable. "I know this gentleman well. He is the minister of the parish."

And he touched his hat respectfully, and nudged his companion.

"There is no mistake," I cried, interposing. "You will release this prisoner at your peril; for, as I have already stated, I myself was witness to the act."

"May there not be some mistake?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, miss; may there not be a mistake?" said the other. "How do you identify your prisoner?"

"By his attire; but not that which he now wears. He had upon him at the time a cloak and hat which are familiar to every one in the village, and which any one may identify as his property."

Macbraith lifted up his head with a strange look of meaning.

"I see it all! I see it all!" he said.

"Humph!" said the constable who had first spoken. "That's a very different story. Stop, though! What has become of the clothes you speak of?"

"Immediately after the murder, the prisoner ran off in the direction of the Manse, whence he soon after returned, as if called forth by my cries. The Manse should at once be searched."

The minister started at my last words, and looked at me almost vindictively. Then he said, between his teeth,

"I have to thank my fair accuser for her praiseworthy desire to get me punished; yet she should reflect a little. There are reasons why a visit to the Manse might be dangerous."

The policemen looked at each other doubtfully; but I turned to them impatiently.

"Do your duty," I said; "and do not heed this man's threats."

"I was not threatening, young lady," observed the minister.

The constables were now convinced that there was a strong case against the prisoner. With a muttered apology, they handcuffed him. He did not attempt to make the slightest resistance. He seemed quite stupefied with the suddenness of his arrest, and scarcely realized the profound terrors of his position. For myself, I was calm by this time. I felt that I had a holy task to perform, and I was ready to go through with it; though I persuaded myself in the meantime that, for justice's sake, I was making a terrible sacrifice. Did I pity the man? Perhaps no; perhaps yes. I only saw the blood of my father on his soul, and was too confused to make an analysis of my emotions towards him. My love for him seemed to die away like a hollow music that has haunted a long night of stars. The morn had arisen, dazzling me; showing me my error in all its nakedness, and stripping the man of all that superiority over myself which first made me love him.

They led him from the house, I keeping by their side; and the hushed crowd followed with their lanterns. On reaching the Manse, we knocked loudly at the hall-door. There was a long pause.

"Wha's there?" asked a voice, that of a woman.

"Open the door, Elsie," cried the minister, calmly.

The door was opened, and we entered with a rush. The middle-aged woman I had seen on my former visit started back with a cry as we entered, and lifted up her hands in surprise. The crowd drew back.

"Hush, Elsie!" said the minister. "Do not be alarmed. Where is my brother—Alexander?"

"Up-stairs in his ain room; and awfu', awfu' demented. But what dae a' these folks want here the noo?"

One of the constables here stepped forward, and whispered in the woman's ear. She gave a slight scream of terror, and glanced timidly at her master. He stood in a gloomy attitude, and paid no attention to her.

"I thocht as muckle," cried the woman. "Eh, Mr. Macbraith, what did I tell ye it wad come tae? I kent there was something wrang the nicht when he slipt awa' and cam' back—ye ken how."

"Not a word, Elsie. I must convince these good people and this young lady, who is my accuser, that there is a mistake somewhere. Not a word, I say! Gentlemen, be good enough to make your search."

They searched high and low, but found nothing, the minister lending them cold assistance all the while. At the very top of the house we halted at last before the door of a small room. On trying the door, we found that it was locked.

"Have you a key?" asked a constable; "or must we force the door?"

"Elsie, give these gentlemen the key of this apartment."

The woman did as desired; and we unlocked the door. We were entering the room, with lighted candles in our hands, when Alexandria Macbraith walked to the threshold and confronted us. He was dressed in the same suit of dingy black, the wrists of his shirt were bloody; and in his hand he held a large carving-knife, with which he was cutting bread. It was then that the truth flashed upon me for the first time. Alexander was chuckling to himself, but he was very pale. When he saw us, he would have sprung over to attack us, had not the minister interposed and motioned him back. He obeyed; but as we entered, he crept close to his brother.

"I hae dune it, man, I hae dune it!" he whispered. "Dead men tell no tales, ye ken; and he's as cauld as my gowd. I hae dune it wi' this!" He flourished the carving-knife. "I crept shint him on tiptae, an' grippit him by the hair o' the heid, and pu'd him doun, and then it was owre wi' him. He was walking yonner amang trees and whins, and I was keekin g out, and I saw him, and I crept awa' frae the house and did it. The deil o' a woman yonner"—he pointed to the servant, of whom he seemed to stand in awe—"didna see me, and I cam' ben again; and she was nane the wiser. Is it no' gran'?"

We had entered the room. It was a small square apartment, containing a bed and one or two chairs. There was no fire-place, and the window was closely barred. Several frightened rustics followed in our track, and we all stood gazing at the brothers.

"Drop that knife, Sandie," said the minister sternly. The imbecile obeyed. The knife was picked up by the servant, who turned him into a corner with a steady mesmeric gaze of both eyes.

"Gentlemen," said the minister, "permit me to introduce you to Mr. Alexander Macbraith, my brother."

Alexander bowed grotesquely, placed his hand upon his heart, and seemed highly flattered.

"Ye are welcome, ane an' a'," he said simperingly; "and we'll hae a rousing game the nicht at the cards."

Here his eye fell suddenly on me, and he seemed kindled into fury. He sprang at me with a scream, and I drew back terrified. The constables and rustics sprang upon him. There was a brief struggle, and at last he was held writhing on the ground. One of the men fetched a rope; and the imbecile was soon firmly bound.

"Well, gentlemen!" said the minister, turning with a fierce and mocking smile to his

escort. They said nothing, but made a vigorous search through the apartment. Their search was at last rewarded. Poked hurriedly under the bedclothes, and begrimed with mud and blood, they found the hat and cloak of Mr. Macbraith.

"We're getting wind of the business at last," grunted one of the constables with satisfaction.

"And what do you purpose doing, gentlemen, at this juncture?" asked Macbraith with stern calmness.

"Doing!" exclaimed the other constable, roughly; "why, doing our duty, to be sure, and bringing both you and the madman here at once before the authorities. In the meantime, we arrest you both on a charge of wilful murder."

I have little more to add.

It was satisfactorily proved at the trial that Alexander Macbraith had been the assassin, and that the minister was entirely innocent. The tale I had heard in the Manse was true; and Alexander, cunning and revengeful in some things, although harmless in the main, had not forgotten his persecutor. He had watched him again and again by daylight, walking in the lane below the Manse; and on the night in question, having caught glimpses of a dark figure, he seized an opportunity to slip out disguised in his brother's clothes, and perpetrated the dreadful deed.

The minister was severely reprimanded for having suffered his brother to remain comparatively free, and thus having given him an opportunity to commit the crime. It was proved that he was allowed to roam freely about the house; being perfectly under the control of his brother and of the housekeeper, who had once held office in a lunatic asylum. Macbraith, in defence, asserted that he had believed his brother quite harmless, and that he had no suspicion that he was strong-minded enough to be capable of such memory and such resentment. The affair ended by the committal of Alexander to the lunatic asylum, formerly his brother's terror.

I was right. My poor mother recovered herself in time, but she never managed to get married again.

That I did not marry the minister, you have already guessed. Indeed, such a marriage was rendered a moral impossibility.—Some weeks after the trial, I received the following note in a rugged scrawl:—

"Miss Jessie Hayman:—

"I regret the sorrow of you and yours, for I loved you—loved you! I love you; but I am not too blind to see that the gulf between us is impassable. You will always be a strange portion of my dark life, for (I repeat it) I love you. Why, I know not; you did not conquer me in the usual way—But enough; I leave England to-morrow, never to return.

"Richard Macbraith."

He spake wisely. The gulf between us was never to be passed. But I often think of the minister, now in my old age; and the bitter, bitter Heart Struggle, returning again, lasted so long, that I had grown old and weak before I knew that it was too late to love again.

R. W. B.

BARNUM'S BABY SHOW.

The *Illustrated News* gives the following *interesting* particulars respecting Barnum's recent baby exhibition:—

It is asserted that there were provided by the thoughtful manager twelve "nurses at large"—that is to say, twelve human persons of the female grade, who were "unattached"—who were not severally in the immediate service of certain specified babies, but who wandered about, ever ready to dispense from "Nature's fount" that nourishment which any howling youngster might suddenly require. The regular nurses were, of course, frequently asleep, or "absent on duty," in which case the services of these perambulating dairy maids were instantly called into requisition.

Another feature of the exhibition shows, if our accounts of it be true, the thoughtfulness of the manager, and at the same time proves that he must himself be a family man.

It is well known that it is not feasible or safe to administer medicines to very young infants, save in a sort of second-hand way, through the medium of the mothers, or those from whom they derive their nourishment.—The usual plan is to administer the medicine to the nurse, and in a few hours the milk of the woman becomes so impregnated with the strength of the drug, that the requisite effect is produced on the babe. It will readily be believed that the knowledge of this fact suggested to Mr. Barnum the plan of having a series of *Medicated Nurses*. I am informed that the "Godfrey's Cordial" nurse was so used up the first day that she had to be taken home in a carriage. The next day two more "Godfrey's" nurses were put on. The "Daffy" nurse, though a strong German woman, gave in at 3 P. M. the first day, and had to call for volunteer help. There were three large women thoroughly impregnated with "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," but Barnum has had to put on four more, and the entire medicated nurse staff finally reached the number of fourteen.

☞ A warning to the extremely juvenile among our army officers, given to undue vanity in regard to buttons and gold lace, is conveyed in a little incident which occurred at the battle of New Bridge, Va., in which the Fourth Michigan Regiment, Col. Woodbury, so distinguished itself:—"I might have shot you half-a-dozen times," remarked one of the prisoners, after the fight, to Col. Woodbury. "Why didn't you?" asked the Colonel. "I took you to be some d—d common mounted orderly," was the response. If the Colonel had decked himself out in all his "gorgeous array," he would undoubtedly have been obliged to content himself now with a plain mahogany overcoat and silver-headed but-ons.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1862.

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VERNER'S PRIDE.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We design commencing this new story by Mrs. Wood, author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," &c., in the next number of The Post. It will be printed from the advance sheets purchased by us at a high price from the distinguished author. Our readers may anticipate a great treat in this new story, as we have reason to believe that it will be one of absorbing interest. Knowledge of this fact probably induced the extraordinary efforts of the New York publishers to obtain it;—we judge there is no recent instance where five of them have made application for the same book. The readers of The Post owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Wood for giving them the preference over such influential competitors. We trust they will not fail to call the attention of their neighbors and friends to the new story. We should not be surprised if it proved to be the great sensation—the much talked of romance—of the coming months, both in this country and in England, where it will simultaneously appear.

CANADA.

A portion of the English people are so put out by the recent refusal of the Canadian Parliament to pass a militia bill, providing for the enrolling of 100,000 men, that the *London Times*, representing these angry gentlemen, gives quite a lecture to the American province. The *Times* says:—

In the first place, the late Parliament of Canada has shown itself signally wanting in those instincts of liberty which urge a free people to fly to arms on the least surmise of danger from foreign enemies. It is to us inconceivable that 3,000,000 of civilized people can watch the explosions of the great volcano without realizing to themselves the fact that the fiery flood which is desolating so large and so fair a portion of the earth's surface may come even to them, and, were it not for what we have seen, we should have thought it equally impossible for them to perceive this danger without taking every measure in their power to anticipate and prevent its approach. The only solution that can be offered for so strange a fact is that Canada has learned to trust to others for the performance of services for which weaker and less wealthy populations are wont to rely exclusively on themselves.

Now the fact probably is, that the Canadians being nearer the "great volcano" referred to, have a much clearer idea of its character, and of the extent of the danger to be apprehended therefrom. They know that in no other way can they be in danger from the "volcano" aforesaid, than from their connection with England. Therefore they very reasonably say, why should not England defend us from a danger that is not likely to arise except as an incident of our provincial condition? The *Times*, considering this aspect of the case, denies its truth, and says:

We are disposed to hold the exact contrary of this, and to think it far more likely that Great Britain should be involved in war on account of Canada than that Canada should be involved in war on account of Great Britain. Let Canada look carefully at her own circumstances, let her statesmen study the tone of the American press, and the strange and momentous position of affairs on the American continent. How long will the present civil war afford employment to seven hundred thousand armed men? Or, if the war itself should not abate, how long will the American Government be able to bear the vast strain on their finances which the payment of such an army implies? And, when the time has at last arrived when, either from the termination of civil strife or the failure of money and credit, the United States are no longer able to support their vast army, what is to prevent that army from marching toward the northern frontier, and satisfying its revenge, its love of plunder and of conquest, in the rich and unwasted provinces of Canada?"

The Canadians can probably perceive, although the *Times*, with its characteristic ignorance as to everything American, cannot, how thoroughly ridiculous the above statement is. The idea of an American army marching anywhere, and especially into a rather poor country like Canada, to satiate its "revenge" (which feeling does not exist), and its "love of *plunder* and conquest," is an idea so thoroughly absurd and unwarranted by the real character of the Northern people, that it really could only have occurred to some European journalist, with his memory crowded with the shameful precedents of European rapine and ambition. The Canadians well know that such talk is the veriest midsummer madness. The worst thing that could possibly happen at any time to Canada from the United States, would be a rough wooing, antecedent to an honorable wedding. A lot of Canadians might possibly be compelled to sit as Senators and Representatives at Washington, and some talented Canadian may be forced some day to serve as President of the Union, but beyond this and the stimulation which would be given to Canadian prosperity by the honorable marriage referred to, Canada has nothing to fear. We do not say that even this is at all *probable*—we only draw the picture as the very *worst* that could possibly happen to our Northern neighbors from the "unprincipled ambition" of the Northern states. At the same time, we are free to admit our belief that the best interests alike of the United States and of Canada would be promoted by their union—not, however, as the result of any rough wooing, but as the result of an intelligent and courteous interchange of opinions. Such an union would open a wider than the present merely provincial field to Canadian enterprise and ambition—for Canada has no representative in the British Parliament;—it would make Canada a free and equal member of one of the greatest nations on the globe—it would secure peace on this continent; and it would strengthen that barrier to the insidious aggressions of European kingdoms and empires, which it is evident to all men on this side of the Atlantic, is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the liberty and independence of all the American states.

The closing declarations of the *Times* are important and suggestive. They are as follows:—

Let not the Canadians, on the other hand, believe that they have in their present connection with Great Britain a sufficient protection against invasion without taking any trouble to defend themselves. Such an opinion is founded on a mistake both of our power and our will. *It is not in our power to send forth from this little island a military force sufficient to defend the frontier of Canada against the numerous armies which have learned arms and discipline in the great school of the present civil war. Our resources are unequal to so large a concentration of force on a single point; our empire is too vast, our population too small, our antagonist too powerful.* But, if we had the power, it is quite certain that we should not have the will. Opinion in England is perfectly decided that in the connection between the mother country and the colony the advantage is infinitely more on the side of the child than of the parent.

We no longer monopolize the trade of the colonies; we no longer job their patronage. We cannot hope from them any assistance for defending our own shores, while we are bound to assist in protecting theirs. We cannot even obtain from this very colony of Canada, reasonably fair treatment for our manufactures, which are taxed twenty-five per cent. on their value, to increase a revenue which the colonies will not apply to our, or even to their own, defence. There is little reciprocity in such a relation. *Should the colony wish to put an end to it, we should never draw the sword to defend it, and, if Canada will not fight to protect its independence from foreign invasion, neither will England.* The question is not one for Canada, of dissolving or maintaining its connection with Great Britain. *That it may dissolve almost at pleasure.* The question is of destroying or maintaining its own liberty and independence; of being a self-governed commonwealth, or a member, or, perhaps—as is talked of for the South—a subjugated territory of the United States.

We are very glad to find in so influential an organ of English opinion, that Great Britain neither can or will undertake the defence of Canada, and that Canada may dissolve the tie between her and Great Britain "almost at pleasure." This at least is sensible and even wise—whatever the other utterances of the "thunderer" have been. Let Canada now inform her good mother over the water, that she begins to feel herself of age,—that she is thankful for the expressions referred to—that for the American Union, she is rather nearer to it than her good mother England is, and that she sees it is nothing like so fierce and ugly an ogre as it has been painted. That she sees that the great army of 700,000 men is not composed of mere hireling soldiers, but is made up of intelligent, well meaning, and generally honest men, who have no love of war for its own sake, and who are anxious to rejoin their wives and families at home. That nearly the whole force is a volunteer one—and that a similarly large army could not be raised for any war of mere "revenge, plunder and conquest." Therefore, that Canada has no fears for the future. That her institutions being in the main republican, are identical with those of the Northern states, and in that fact she trusts for sympathy and security. That as to the English alliance, it is like a shield in a storm, that draws the lightning, but cannot ward it off—and that therefore Canada has resolved to set up for herself as a free and independent people. This is the answer we think Canada should send back to England.

THE BATTLE AT PORT REPUBLIC.

Justice to Colonel Carroll demands that the following should be published in connection with the accounts given by us in last week's paper:—

By a clear and concise statement by the Washington Republican, we learn that Col. Carroll was *not ordered to burn the bridge over the Shenandoah at Port Republic.* On the contrary he was ordered by Gen. Shields to save the bridge and attack Gen. Jackson's flank. Col. Carroll had with him less than 1,900 effective infantry, 150 cavalry and six pieces of artillery. He had hardly entered the town with his cavalry and two pieces of artillery than he was attacked by three regiments of the enemy's infantry, by a cavalry force superior to his own, and by three full batteries, or 18 guns, so planted that they had complete control of the town, and all approaches to it. He retired and halted on reaching the nearest defensible position.—While here he was joined by General Tyler with his brigade, making a total force of about 2,500. Colonel Carroll, seeing the utter hopelessness of vanquishing the enemy, advised a retreat, but was overruled by General Tyler. The battle took place and the 2,500 with unparalleled bravery held in check Jackson's army of from 12,000 to 15,000 men with a full regiment of cavalry and four full batteries for nearly five hours, when they were overpowered and driven from the field, not until, however, they had driven the enemy on the right, where Col. Carroll commanded, nearly three-quarters of a mile, taken one of his guns, nearly annihilated one of his regiments, and more than decimated the others on our front.

The importance of not reposing full faith in every statement that is made, has been proved again and again in the course of the present war. Charge after charge has been proved to be false by after evidence and examination. To be not hasty to blame, is a lesson that by this time should have been learned by every sensible reader.

Cannot Deceive That Fellow.—A recent article in the *London Times*, written by Mr. Spence, an English friend of American Secession, accuses President Lincoln of trickery for mentioning Beaufort, N. C., and Port Royal, S. C., as distinct ports—Mr. Spence insisting that they are one and the same! If there is one thing in which the writers for the *Times* are "booked up," it is geography. That must be evident to all the world by this time.

MOHAMMEDAN SUPERSTITION.

The Prince of Wales is travelling in the Holy Land, and lately visited the tombs of the Patriarchs on the plain of Hebron.—Among other places regarded as sacred, and which the Prince and his party are the first Englishmen who have been permitted to visit, was the Cave of Macpelah, of which Jacob said:—"There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah." The Mohammedans feel the strongest jealousy of the profanation of these sacred places by infidel visitors, and when at length, after protracted negotiation with the Ottoman Government itself, as well as the Governor of Jerusalem, the Prince of Wales gained authority to enter, the piteous lamentations of the faithful were heard among the Mohammedan attendants who accompanied him.—But the cave itself, where it is claimed that the embalmed body of Jacob still reposes, no one enters. There is a tradition that 2,600 years ago, a healthy and corpulent servant of a great king entered it, to return blind, deaf, crippled and withered. But into what are called the tombs or shrines of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph, the party were admitted, after a prayer to appease the Patriarchs.—The tombs of the women were not thrown open, and a special difficulty was made about Isaac. Abraham, say the Mohammedans, is pacific and genial—Isaac jealous and severe. Some years ago, he struck down Ibrahim Pasha on entering his shrine. Where do the Mohammedans get their traditions of Isaac? According to Genesis, which we suppose to be the only authority, Isaac is certainly one of the most passive of the Patriarchs, unusually submissive as a son, and devolving many responsibilities on others, even in his maturity; sending for his wife by Eleazar the steward; and leaving the control of his sons rather too completely in her hands afterwards. Possibly, on account of this inactive temper, they think him specially jealous of intrusion on his rest. It is a strange picture of the state of the Mohammedan faith itself, which is in a condition not unlike the conception of Isaac—half alive in a dim sepulcre, and displaying life only by its jealousy lest any one not dead should come and gaze upon its paralysis.

"SKEDADDLE" CLASSIC.

The primitive of skedaddle is a pure Greek word of great antiquity. It occurs in Homer, Hesiod, Eschylus, Sophocles, Herotodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, and it was used to express in Greek the very idea that we undertake, in using it, to express in English. Homer, in the "Iliad," uses only the aorist *eskedasen* or *skedasen*. Thus in "Iliad," 12-171, we have *skedasen laon* for scattering, dispersing.

In Prometheus, Eschylus thus uses it (*skedâi*) in making "the sun disperse the hoar-frost of the morn." And again Prometheus uses this word in predicting woes upon Jupiter, when he says that "a flame more potent than the lightning" shall be "invented, which shall (*skeûsi*) *shiver* the ocean-trident, the spear of Neptune."

In the Odyssey, we find Homer using *skedasai* in describing the *scattering* of the suitors of Penelope when Ulysses should come, and in the 20th book of the Odyssey we have the same word used for the *dispersing* of the suitors to their houses, as the result of the return of Ulysses.

In Thucydides, Book IV., 58, we have an account of "a garrison at Cotyrta and Aphrodisia, which terrified by an attack of a (*eskedasmenon*) *scattered* crowd." At the capture of Torone, in Chalcidice, Thucydides describes the result of the rush of Brasidas and his troops toward the highest parts of the town, and among these results "the rest of the multitude (*eskedasmenois*) scattered or dispersed in all directions alike." In this sense *skedasai* is used by Xenophon in Anabasis, by Plato in the Timæus, by Appollonius of Rhodes, by Hesiod, and by Sophocles. It is, therefore, a classic word, and is full of expression."—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ Flotsam, jetsam, and lagan are barbarous law-terms of purely sea-origin. The first means floating goods; the second, those jetted or thrown out to lighten the vessel; and the third, such heavy goods as are tied to a buoy when thrown over, in order that they may be recovered. When a vessel is wrecked, if no claimant appear in a year and a day, the king or queen claims all three by an ancient law. Waifs and strays are similar land terms as applied to the thrown aside or unclaimed proceeds of robbers, thieves, and unknown persons, which were claimed by the lord of the manor as part of his manorial rights.

☞ "What fish is like a learned pig?" asked the Ichthyologist of the Boston Gazette the other morning. "Don't know," was the reply. "Why," said he, "'tis a trut'og, isn't it?"

☞ It is difficult to keep one's temper in a hot day, but getting under a shady tree is the best way of taking umbrage.

SALUBRITY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES

A southerner, who has traversed the Southern states in all directions, and spent months in tents in the woods and mountains and plains of these states, and is thoroughly acquainted with that country and climate, sends the following article on the subject of the healthfulness of the Gulf states to a contemporary. It is in accordance with the opinions recently expressed in The Post, derived from other sources:

The Southern states, especially the so-called cotton states, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, have, generally speaking, a beautiful, genial and salubrious climate. The winter is short and mild; it commences in December and lasts to the middle of February. Snow is very scarce, especially in the low country along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. Ice appears only through a few nights of the season, and melts towards noon. Rain is frequent during the months of November and December. The spring is very short.—It commences in February and ends with March. In April, the summer heat sets in and lasts until the middle of October, interrupted at the end of September and October only by a few cool nights. The summer, although long, is seldom as hot and sultry as the few hot days in the Middle states and New England. The nights are generally cool and pleasant. Dews commence only to fall after midnight. Fogs are very scarce at any time during the year, and in some parts of the Southern states, as for instance, in lower Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, nearly unheard of. Generally speaking, there is no healthier country of equal extent in the world than the Southern states. It is a fact, portions of it are unhealthy, and small parts of it extremely so; but the latter applies only to the swamps and rice-fields along the mouths of the rivers, most especially of the Waccamaw, Ashley, Cooper, Savannah, Ogeechee, Altamaha, Satilla and St. Mary's rivers on the Atlantic coast. The sickly portions of Southern states are inconsiderable, and generally confined to the mouths of the rivers, the immediate vicinity of water courses and some swamps in the interior, all of which can be easily avoided.

The sickly portions of the state of South Carolina are confined to the mouths of the Waccamaw, Santee, Ashley and Cooper rivers, and to the rice fields and swamps below the latter two rivers to the Savannah river. The islands on the coast of South Carolina, the towns of Beaufort and Bluffton are perfectly healthy. The city of Charleston is frequently visited by yellow fever, and unacclimated foreigners are subject to very fatal bilious fevers, especially by a change from the city to the country, and *vice versa*. The interior of South Carolina, above the South Carolina Railroad, leading from Charleston to Augusta, Georgia, is perfectly healthy, and as much so for Northerners as for Southerners.

The sickly part of Georgia is very unimportant, and mainly confined to the rice swamps along the Savannah, Ogeechee, Altamaha, Satalla, and the St. Mary's rivers, and to the vicinity of the Savannah river up to the city of Augusta. The cities of Savannah and Augusta are now and then visited by yellow fever, but, with the exception of this, the city of Savannah is one of the healthiest cities on the face of the globe, and its mortality never as high as that of the Northern cities. From the year 1829 to the year 1852 Savannah was entirely free from yellow fever, but in and after the latter year it has been again, but not frequently subjected to this disease. The interior of Georgia, especially the pine-barrens along the Atlantic Ocean and the line of Florida, and again the mountainous part above the railroad leading from Augusta to Atlanta, are perfectly healthy, as much so as any country in the world. Even the immediate surroundings of the large Okefenokee swamp, in Ware county, Georgia, on the line of Florida, are not unhealthy.

The state of Florida, with the exception of the vicinity of large water-courses and stagnant lakes, and its swamps and everglades, is perfectly healthy.

Alabama is generally a less healthy state than Georgia. Its most sickly portions are found around the Mobile bay, and the lower parts of the Mobile and Alabama rivers. The yellow fever visits Mobile nearly as often as it does New Orleans, and ascends sometimes as high up as Montgomery, on the Alabama river, and Demopolis, in the fork of the Tombigbee and Black Warrior rivers, are besides favorable to intermittent fever. With this exception the state of Alabama is a healthy one, especially that part of it above the Tennessee river and around the spurs of the mountains which enter this state from Tennessee and Georgia.

Again, the state of Mississippi is, generally speaking, a very healthy state. The only less healthy portions of it are the bottoms of the Mississippi river. The yellow fever ascends this river sometimes, but very seldom as high up as the city of Memphis, and infests Woodville, Natches and Vicksburg.—Sometimes it extends as far in the interior as Jackson, Brandon, Madison and Canton, but very rarely only. All other parts of Mississippi are perfectly healthy, as much so as any Northern country. Even the immediate bottoms of the Mississippi river impart only an intermittent fever, which is never fatal, easily cured, and affects the constitution much less than that of more Northern countries.

The sickly portion of the state of Louisiana is confined to the lower part along the Mississippi river and the banks of the Red river. Other parts of the state are perfectly healthy. The yellow fever visits New Orleans nearly every year, from the middle of July (seldom if ever before) to the beginning of November, but not always in an epidemic or contagious form. After the first of July it is not safe for Northern or any other not acclimatized troops to remain in the city of New Orleans; they are in danger of being decimated by the dreadful disease, but they may then safely march out of New Orleans, and encamp about 25 or 30 miles above the city, on the uplands along the railroad leading to Jackson. They may be sure that the rebel army will not then retake the city, for the yellow fever is even more fatal to them than it is to the soldiers of the Union.

The above truthful statement will show that the Southern states are by no means an unhealthy, deadly country; if the sickly regions are avoided, our brave soldiers may march with perfect impunity, even in the middle of the summer, into the rebellious states and suppress this unholy rebellion. The climate, then, will not affect them any more than it does the rebel army, and indeed, even less so, for it is a confirmed experience that foreigners, during the first year, are less affected by the climate of the Southern states, even in the less healthy regions, than natives. The relatives of the brave fellows at home may dismiss any fear respecting the Southern climate.

There are insects which render the sojourn in warm climates during the summer disagreeable, and among those in the Southern states are especially the mosquitoes, sandflies and red bugs; but the first are only troublesome along the water-courses and in the swamps; there are none, or very few, in the interior. The sand-flies are only intolerable along the sea-coast, but can be expelled by smoke. The red bugs, little red insects rarely visible by the naked eye, infest all the woods and are very troublesome to the careless invader; they penetrate the skin in large numbers and produce intolerable irritation, and sometimes a dangerous swelling; but they may be easily kept off by inserting pulverized camphor or sulphur in the shoes, and carrying pieces of sulphur in the pockets.—Although subject to their attacks, I have in this way invariably kept them off in all my continued rambles and surveys in the Southern forests. N.

☞ Last winter, a gentleman from the interior applied to a certain member of the legislature at Albany for his support in putting through a bill in which he was interested. The legislator said he would willingly go for the bill if the applicant would aid him in the passage of a bill of his own.—The proposition was accepted at once. The lobby-man then inquired what was the title of the bill he was expected to support. Answer—*A board bill.*

☞ It is said that when a Frenchman has to wait he smokes; a German meditates; an Italian sleeps; an Englishman walks; an American invents some new contortion of his limbs, and tries to put his feet higher than ever.

☞ A barbarous editor says of the spring style of bonnets: "Its only redeeming feature is, it affords room for a small conservatory on the top of the head."

☞ Separation of a man and wife—Crinoline.

☞ The prosperous man who yields himself up to temptation, bids farewell to welfare.

☞ A veteran teacher was asked how many pupils he had instructed in the fifty years of his labors. He replied, "I have instructed six thousand pupils. About fifty of these have become ministers of the gospel; as many more have become lawyers; a greater number have become doctors and teachers; a much larger number still have become farmers and mechanics; four have been transported; two have been hung; and—a good many more ought to be!"

☞ It is a debatable question whether a person who has always been in the habit of lying has a right to tell the truth. It is, of course, the only device by which he can deceive people.

☞ The novels of the late G. P. R. James have taught us how readily the novel-reading public acquiesces in a few simple conventionalisms in the composition of the historical novel. The London Review, in alluding to this says:—"Let there be a party of travellers journeying at eventide over a fertile plain in Auvergne; a conversation formed out of the permutations and combinations of such phrases as these: 'Pr'oth,' 'By'r Lady,' 'gramercy,' and 'Gadso,' or the substitution of 'palfrey' for horse, and 'housings' for horse-furniture; and the reader's imagination is forthwith adjusted to a tale of the Middle Ages, anywhere between the First Crusade and the time of the League; and this understanding, once established between writer and readers, proceeds steadily and uninterruptedly throughout, although they know, and he knows that they know, and they know that he knows that they know, that the ideas enunciated, the jargon in which they are expressed, the scenery, characters, incidents and general accessories never had any counterpart in any time or country on this earth."

☞ The brilliant charge of the 2nd Iowa cavalry, belonging to Gen. Pope's division, may be styled "Pope's Essay on *Men*."

☞ Every household has its pet names. Mr. Jones enchants his helpmate by calling her "his idol." Jones, however, privately spells it *i-d-d-l*. Mrs. Jones is a nice woman—an affectionate woman—but she has a constitutional aversion to working.

☞ Unpleasant Subject for J. B.—*Jonathan to J. Bull.*—How about that Armstrong gun of yours, that won't work?

J. B. to Jonathan.—Harmstrong gun! wot's a Harmstrong gun? I hain't 'erd nothing of no Harmstrong gun!

☞ "Not Much of a Shower."—The London Standard, which predicted the utter defeat of the National expedition against New Orleans, has now found out that, "To the South New Orleans is of no use whatever, and practically it will be of little use to the North."

☞ A number of English lawyers have formed a volunteer company, which in a fit of moral consciousness they have have named "The Devil's Own."

NEWS ITEMS.

A PRIZE of twenty thousand francs has been offered at Paris for the best essay on the "Regeneration of Bone," in the hope that, eventually, medical science will no longer have to resort to amputation.

A BILL to repeal the "Personal Liberty Law" of Wisconsin was passed by the Assembly of that state on the 14th inst., by a vote of 51 ayes to 25 noes.

GOLDFINCHES are so plenty in Hampshire, England, that the peasants shoot them by the dozen, and hang them up in festoons to ornament their cottages. They become dry, and keep without stuffing or preparation.

NOT a single man, out of a crew of thirty, was injured by the bursting of the 100-pound Parrot gun on board the Naugatuck. This proves the value of Mr. Stevens's principle of mounting and loading ordnance, by which the crew are protected beneath the deck and below the water line while loading and firing.

SEVEN years ago, parties at New Bedford purchased 2,000 barrels of whale oil at 56 cents per gallon, and stored it for speculation. Recently 2,000 barrels were sold for 47 cents per gallon. At one time it commanded 82 cents, and the loss on it is over $40,000.

EARLY HARVEST.—The Chicago Journal of the 3d inst. says, that there are fields of wheat in southern portions of Illinois, that will be ready to cut in less than two weeks. This year's crop in Jersey county will be the best that has been raised in five years.

We have discouraging reports from Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, about the destruction of wheat crops by the Hessian fly and chinch bug. We have previously given accounts of their destructiveness, but the latest reports are the most gloomy. Many fields have been ploughed up, and others will not be harvested.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

COM. Goldsborough has on board his flag-ship, the Minnesota, a complete printing press and apparatus, by means of which he strikes off copies of his orders, letters and despatches for the seventy vessels of his fleet, thereby economizing time and labor, and avoiding errors.

A SEVERE drought prevails throughout Canada, and the crops are suffering in consequence.

THE work of mounting the heavy guns on Forts Preble and Scammel, in Portland harbor, is now in progress. Fort Preble is to mount thirty-eight guns, 24 and 32 pounders, and Fort Scammel twenty-one 32 pounders, rifled, making a total of 60 guns. The work on Fort Gorges is making good progress, over one hundred men being employed upon it.

THERE are two brigadier generals in the Union army whose names very often get confounded in telegraph despatches. One is Gen. Henry M. Naglee, commanding a brigade in Gen. McClellan's army, and the other is Gen. James S. Negley, who is with Gen. Halleck's army.

DEATH FROM THE SMOKER'S CANCER.—The Salem Observer learns from a reliable source that a case of death by cancer in the mouth and throat recently occurred in a neighboring state, which is supposed to have been caused by excessive smoking. The deceased was a gentleman highly respected and esteemed for his many virtues. His sufferings were most dreadful; at last the cancer, eating into the jugular vein, soon terminated his life. His age was 50 years.

MR. MERCIER AND JEFF. DAVIS.—A French paper states that, at the time of his visit to Richmond, Mr. Mercier had an interview with Jeff. Davis, and that in the course of conversation, he asked from the rebel President if there was not, in his mind, any ground upon which the South could make proposals of peace to the North. "No, sir," said Jeff. Davis, "the Confederate states are not so high or so low as to entertain any thought of that kind. The time for peace will doubtless come; but it has not yet, and we must wait awhile before we can avail ourselves of your good offices."—*Evening Post.*

THE WASTE OF WAR.—The New York Evening Post says that the Maine 11th regiment, which passed through Broadway last November, chanting the Hallelujah chorus, eight hundred and fifty men strong, nearly all young and sturdy lumbermen, has suffered so much that when they went into the battle of Fair Oaks, they numbered, fit for duty, only one hundred and eighty men. Nearly one half of this number were killed or wounded.

AT a conference meeting, one of the deacons of the church, a good, easy old gentleman, made his accustomed exhortation, and undertook to quote the passage describing the mighty works of Christ—raising the dead and casting out devils. We do not imagine that the passage itself was at all to the purpose, but that was not the worst of it. The deacon got it transposed, and drawled out, very solemnly, "*cast out the dead and raise the devil*"

AT Elderfeld, Prussia, large swarms of mosquitoes, so thick as to darken the skies, were seen for two days in the month of May, and at a village within two miles of the above city, swarms of grasshoppers, with unusual large heads, and from three to four inches long, suddenly covered the ground.

AT Lacrosse, Wis., 8th inst., a man who first courted a daughter aged twenty years, then the mother aged over forty, and was rejected by them both, was wedlocked, according to law, to the hired girl in the family he courted. That chap did not intend to let his love run to waste while there was a show left.

GEN. Fremont, when at the West, is said to have sent his secret despatches to the President in Magyar, which was good as cipher, since no traitor knows the tongue. What a compliment to the native tongue of Kossuth —"No traitor knows the tongue!" It is said that there is no record of any Hungarian being in the rebel service, though the number in the Federal army is large.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has sent one of his sons to Washington, as a member of the delegation now at the capital lobbying in the political and polygamic interests of Utah. Old Abe, in discussing conjugal matters with him, is said to have remarked that it was absurd to talk about polygamy, as "he never yet heard of a man having a wife who wanted two."

MRS. OLIPHANT, the novelist, and not Miss Evans, is declared, on authority, to be the author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," in Blackwood's Magazine.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—A Yankee has invented a new gun, with which he says he can sink the Monitor in thirty minutes. He sets a target of a thickness of nine inches of wrought iron obliquely, and at long range puts a small ball through the whole concern, clear and clean.

MR. SCOTT RUSSELL writes to the London Times, claiming for his iron target the merit of having resisted the shot fired from the great Armstrong guns weighing twelve tons, and that, therefore, the target is practically shot-proof

GEN. McDOWELL'S FORCE.—The Richmond Dispatch announces the arrival at West Point of Gen. McDowell's force, and says the rebels will be prepared to receive him. They went down the Rappahannock in thirty transports, convoyed by war steamers. The rebels are not kept from information of what is going on in front of them, though the newspapers here do not publish the intelligence.

THE President has approved of the bill securing freedom in all the present as well as future territories of the United States.

NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.—Efforts are making in England to abolish sermons, or to make it understood that the congregation assembles on Sunday for prayer and singing only, and that, this part of the service completed, there shall be a pause, during which those who do not wish to hear the sermon, may retire. The plea is that sermons are so often trashy and unprofitable.

HOOP SKIRTS AND THE SOUTHERN LADIES.—The sutlers in North Carolina are doing a good business. People come forty miles even from the inland to buy goods of them. One firm also sold $1,500 worth of hoop skirts and calico to North Carolina women in one day. Strange to say the goods were all paid for in good gold, silver and government notes, which must have been hidden in socks and cracked teapots all the while the common shinplasters have been going their rounds.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

POOR Garibaldi, who has suffered so much and achieved so much in the cause of freedom, has worn himself physically out by his many and long-continued struggles. He is now a victim to a disease that spares no hero more than it passes by the common vulgar man. He is confined to his bed by rheumatism.

A PRIVATE letter, received in this city, announces that Major-General Buell, heretofore with Major-General Halleck, in Mississippi, has started with his whole army for East Tennessee, by way of Huntsville.

GEN. SAXTON, Military Governor of South Carolina, will soon leave for Port Royal.

THE Secretary of War, in response to the resolution of the House, says he is directed by the President to inform that body that measures have been taken to appropriate for hospital purposes, for the benefit of our soldiers, Gen. Lee's mansion house and premises.

ILLINOIS ELECTION.—The returns from the election on Tuesday of last week, come in very slow. Dispatches from the southern counties render it nearly certain that the new constitution has been defeated. The majority against it in the northern counties thus far is 23,000.

General Butler's Letter to Mayor Monroe.

The following is the letter written by General Butler to the Mayor of New Orleans, after the latter had withdrawn his apology:—

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS, May 16, 1862.

Sir—There can be, there has been, no room for misunderstanding of General Order No. 28.

No lady will take any notice of a strange gentleman, and a *fortiori* of a stranger, simply in such form as to attract attention. Common women do.

Therefore, whatever woman, lady or mistress, gentle or simple, who, by gesture, look or word, insults, or shows contempt for, thus attracting to herself the notice of my officers and soldiers, will be deemed to act as becomes her vocation as a common woman, and will be liable to be treated accordingly. This was most fully explained to you at my office.

I shall not, as I have not, abated a single word of that order; it was well considered; if obeyed, it will protect the true and modest women from all possible insult. The others will take care of themselves.

You can publish your letter, if you publish this note, and your apology.

Respectfully, BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding.

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor of New Orleans.

A SECOND MOSES.—A Harrisburg paper states that, during the terrible freshet of week before last, a cradle was seen coming down the rushing waters near Manadaville, and being suspected of containing something, it was watched by several persons for three or four miles, expecting it would at some point of its journey come near enough to the shore that it would be safe in venturing after it in a boat. At last, at a bend in the swollen stream, the cradle came sufficiently near that it was secured, when lo! and behold, upon lifting up a light covering, a beautiful *babe looked up and smiled!* We remember of reading in that sweet book of old, of a time when the daughter of one of Egypt's proud rulers went to the river to bathe, when something was seen in the distance, to bring which, one of her maids was sent, when upon opening, a babe was seen, which looked up and smiled. The above incident brought this ancient one to mind. A kind person took the little one in charge, and although a week has elapsed, and inquiry upon inquiry has been made, no clue to the history of the little stranger has been discovered.

A SECESH RELIC.—An interesting "relic" was found, a short time since, near New Orleans, at the terminus of the Pontchartrain railroad, at the lake. It was discovered and raised by Col. Chas. C. G. Thornton, commanding the guard at that point, and Capt. George Wiggin, late of New London, at present Captain of the post at the lake. The "relic" is a submarine ram of cigar shape, made of iron, hollowed so that a number of men can enclose themselves in it. It is twenty-four feet long, and has a propeller which can be worked by hand. On each side of the ram there is a sort of fin made of iron, three feet long and a foot and a half wide. By raising these wings, or fins, the ram rises to the surface and sinks by their depression. The bow is sharply pointed, and when run against any ordinary vessel below the water mark, would be able to sink it in a very short time. This "little arrangement" now lies at the lake shore—a curiosity to the visitors at that place.

RAMS.—At a yacht race, a few days since in England, a collision occurred between two vessels, which shows the great power of a wooden prow when moved violently even against iron plates. The steamer Prince of Wales, with the Commodore (Lord Alfred Paget) and a large party on board, was accompanying the yachts, and lay off the Nore light ship to watch the vessels round that point in the course. Through some misunderstanding, she got into such a position that the leading yacht, the Marina, in jibing at the turn had no alternative but to run into her, and the yacht's bowsprit struck the steamer on the port bow with such force as to open one of her iron plates, stave the timber lining and admit a quantity of water. Tow and blankets were immediately resorted to stop the leakage. The woodwork at the head of the steamer and the decoration were flattened and broken, while the yacht was much damaged.

EMIGRATION.—It is very certain that the people of Europe do not believe in the oft predicted disruption and ruin of the United States, which, notwithstanding it is involved in war, yet offers more inducements to emigration than any other country. The Cork Examiner states that "the rush to America is very much on the increase, and the scenes witnessed at the depot bring to mind the movement of the famine years." It adds that "the class of persons now leaving this part of the country, seeking for a home in a new world, is composed not entirely of farm servants, but of farmers, tradesmen, laborers, and house servants, who cannot procure a decent living in the land of their birth."

THE ESCAPE OF COL. DE VILLIERS.

[From a minute and interesting diary kept by Hon. Alfred Ely, during his confinement in Richmond, as a prisoner of war, published in book form by D. Appleton & Co.]

Col. Charles A. De Villiers, of the 11th Ohio regiment, was taken prisoner on the Kanawha River, by Gen. Wise, on the 17th of July, 1861, with other officers of Gen. Cox's brigade. On his arrival at Richmond, the Colonel was evidently much distressed, keenly feeling the mortification arising from his imprisonment; and being of an exceedingly nervous temperament, he was subject at times to great depression of spirits. This, however, soon wore away, and we found ourselves under great obligations to him for exhibitions of the most difficult feats of the soldier's drill, of which he was a complete master. He was, indeed, a bundle of nerves, almost without flesh, weighing not more than 110 pounds; and his exercises with the musket and broadsword, as displayed in the prison, entitled him to the full credit of being the master under whose teaching the lamented Ellsworth acquired his proficiency in Zouave drill and military discipline.

Being somewhat acquainted with the practice of surgery, he was detailed by the Confederate surgeons of the post, to assist in taking charge of the sick and wounded prisoners at the hospitals. Like other Federal surgeons acting in the same capacity, he enjoyed the freedom of the city, upon his parole of honor, until about the third day of September, when, for some reason not fully understood by our officers at the time, he was deprived of his parole, and returned to close confinement in the officers' quarters.

One Sunday morning, after his return to the prison, for the purpose, as we supposed, of raising money, he sold at auction, to the officers in the prison, several articles of his military clothing. On the same evening he escaped from the prison; but in what manner, or through what device, I have never learned. I conclude, however, that his departure could not have been unknown to some of the officers, from the fact that his name was responded to by some one of the officers, at roll-call, for three successive mornings; and for this reason his escape was not suspected by the Confederate officers, until the Colonel had been four days on his way.

It was conjectured, from circumstances known to some of the officers, that the Colonel had fled in the disguise of a Confederate officer; that he was assisted by two rebel officers in his escape, who supplied him with a fleet horse, which they stationed on the outside of the town, where it was understood they were to meet the Colonel, and provide him with pistols, carbine, food, etc., necessary to pursue his journey, which had, of course, to be made in the night.

When his escape became known, great efforts were made by the rebel officers to recapture him, if possible; and officers and scouts were sent in all directions in pursuit; but weeks rolled away, and no tidings were heard of the gallant Colonel.

At this time, the vigilance exercised throughout Virginia, among civilians as well as the military, made it almost impossible to get across the country in the direction of the Potomac, and little doubt was entertained by his fellow-officers that the colonel would be recaptured, and brought back to prison, in case he attempted to escape in that direction. His fate, however, was not known at Richmond until his arrival at Washington was announced in the papers, and his appointment as a Brigadier General nearly two months afterwards.

The General, as it turned out, when he left the prison, bent his course towards Norfolk, which city, though but about one hundred miles distant from Richmond, he only reached after six weeks travel, performed in short stages by night, through the swamps and marshes which intervene between the two cities, subsisting in the meantime on berries and shrubs, and exposed to hardships such as only an experienced soldier could ever survive.

Having arrived at Norfolk, he managed to disguise himself as a mendicant Frenchman, aged, very infirm and nearly blind, and thus he gained admittance to a hospital in that city. In some way he procured a pair of green goggles, with which, and a pack on his back, and stooping, and resting on a rough cane, the poor old Frenchman became an object of commiseration. In this condition he freely went where he chose about the city, speaking only in the French language; and finally made an application to the rebel General in command, for permission to go to Fortress Monroe under the flag of truce, that he might embark for his dear old home in France.

The piteous story of the venerable Frenchman, and his urgency to return to his home, which he had left before the rebellion broke out, and the accommodating spirit of the Confederates, manifested to the French, as well as the English, at that time, induced the rebel General, from charitable motives, after two weeks' delay, and persistent application on the part of De Villiers, to allow him to go on board the truce-boat.

When the boat met the Federal steamer the infirm old Frenchman (at the venerable age of *thirty-five*) was assisted on board by the compassionate officers from Norfolk, who bid him an affectionate adieu. But no sooner had he reached the deck of the Union boat, than he coolly cast off his pack, green goggles, and all; and, after thanking the officers for their politeness, shouted with an air of youthful animation, a loud hurra for the Stars and Stripes, and gave the Confederates the pleasing information that they had just parted with *Colonel De Villiers, of the 11th Ohio Regiment.*

☞ "Doctor," said a wit, "come, throw away your lancet and pill-boxes, and let us go somewhere for a week or two." "Yes," replied Bolus, "but what will my patients do in the meantime?" "Get well, to be sure, and you will lose your practice. I had not thought of that."

MISS BREMER ON THE WAR.

Frederika Bremer writes to a friend in New York, in which she refers, with enthusiasm, to the heroic events of the war. She says:—

"I must tell you how intensely I am with you and with the North. The last wonderful and stirring affair of the Monitor and Merrimac strikes all the nations of Europe, both by its dramatic interest and its probable results upon the economy of naval warfare and defence. Nobody can tell what these results will ultimately prove, but their importance is indubitable. I, for my part, take a peculiar delight in this whole affair; first, because of the heroic defence and fall of your brave Cumberland and her crew, and then, because this wonderful thing, the Monitor, which came to finish the overbearing and terrible destroyer, the Merrimac, was the work of one of my gallant countrymen, a Swede, John Ericsson. There is no little exultation about him, and the result of the graphic descriptions of the contest, given in all our papers, has been to make every man and woman in Stockholm Unionists in their enthusiasm."

A SHREWD TRICK TO GET A HORSE.—One of the U. S. batterymen got a fine horse lately in a way that does credit to his shrewdness and ingenuity. He was out with a party getting horses for the government, by authority, and giving receipts, when, seeing a fine brick house some distance off, he said to the captain, "I'll get you a horse." Running around through the woods, as if chased, he rushed up to the house, breathless, exclaiming, "The Yankees are after me! The Yankees are after me! For God's sake give me a horse!" He had an India rubber suit on which concealed his uniform, and the rebel scouts had been in that direction, so that his story seemed probable. The owner of the establishment, who was a stout secessionist, showed great sympathy, and said he guessed he could fix him out. Together they ran to the stable and found a good looking stallion, but one of his feet was a little sore. "That won't do," said the batteryman. "The Yankees have got faster horses than that, and they'll catch me, sure." "Never mind, I have got faster horses than that," replied the secessionist, and went to a small out-building, from which he led a magnificent bay horse. Hurriedly he put on a saddle and bridle, bade the batteryman take the horse and be off, and God bless him. Quickly the horse and man were out of sight, and making a detour through the woods joined the battery party. The horse is one of the best in the department, and as he was a free gift from the secessionist, can hardly be considered as belonging to government.

WONDERFUL INVENTION.—We this week witnessed the type-setting and type-distributing machine, invented by Timothy Alden, once a New York printer, but a native of Massachusetts. The invention cost twenty years of labor, the life of the inventor and $10,000 in money. It is impossible to convey to the uninitiated the utility and genius of this remarkable invention. It is perhaps enough to say that one machine is capable of producing the work of six or eight men, and with its cost placed at the high price of $1,500, it will reduce the price of ordinary type setting, at present rates, from one-half to two-thirds.

Its great simplicity is one of its most interesting qualities. The fruits it produces are as near to thinking and reading as one can imagine. One directing mind, with ordinary care, can produce the most extraordinary results. It may be worked by hand or steam. The printer will comprehend what such a discovery is when we say that it picks up the type, spells the words, places them properly, assorts the types again after they have been used, into their appropriate channels, and from these again they are drawn out, and set up when needed for a second use. There are 154 types and characters, including capitals, italics, figures, spaces, points of punctuation, and all at once under the control of one person, who has but to touch the keys of this circular machine to produce all these combinations.—*N. Y. Express.*

REBEL CORRESPONDENCE.—Among the letters found on the body of a rebel soldier, of the 6th Arkansas regiment, killed recently before Corinth, was one signed "Lucy," from which the following paragraph is an extract:—

"Dear brother we Are all to hum except sam, who went away up to Missouri more'n six months ago. He is with Gen. Price, and was in the great pea Ridge. He says they licked the Lincolners, but father says that folks as are licked don't come ahead as these Lincolners have done; so we think Sam. must be mistaken. Si. Moss got back yesterday, with a broken jaw, done, he says by a minny bullet, and he says its no use to fight any more, that there are too many Northers, and that we have got into a bad scrape. Tom. Mix, hurrahed for the Union the other day, when he heard that fort Donelson was took, and they hung him a tree, but Col. Appling came along fore he was quite dead, and made them take him down, and he is now hid in the woods."

THE BAYONET.—A correspondent of the Herald, writing of the battle of Fair Oaks, speaks as follows of the bayonet charges made by some of the national brigades, and which were so highly commended by Gen. McClellan in his official dispatch:

"The brigades of Daniel E. Sickles and Thomas Francis Meagher did the best fighting of the day, and vied with each other in gallant deeds. Gen. McClellan stated to-day that the bayonet charges of these two brigades were the most stubborn, sanguinary, and signal of modern times. Again and again they advanced with the cold steel, and were as vigorously met by the enemy. In one place on the field of carnage, three men were found on each side that had fallen by mutual thrusts. Who shall say hereafter that volunteers will not stand the bayonet?"

MCCLELLAN REINFORCED.—The Buffalo Commercial says:—There can no longer be any doubt that, at last, General McClellan has been generously reinforced. The Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, eight thousand strong, is now with him; so are ten regiments which have, during most of the year, been in the neighborhood of Newport News, Old Point, &c.; so is McDowell's Corps, at least thirty thousand strong. In addition to all this, the Syracuse Journal says that it has positive information that several New York regiments, including the Tenth and One hundred-and-first Regiments, with others, have joined General McClellan's forces within ten days. This is glorious news for those who have friends in the army before Richmond. Indeed, is glorious news for all.

A PRIVATE letter, received here from New Orleans, says that the report, published in the papers of that city, of the surrender of Fort Morgan, below Mobile, to Com. Porter's fleet, was incorrect.

☞ A man in love may be likened to a fly in a spider's web, entangled in one of the most fragile substances, yet the most difficult from which to escape.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM THE ARMY IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.

THE WHITE RIVER EXPEDITION.

DEATH OF COLONEL ELLET.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

Dispatch from Gen. McClellan.

The following dispatch was received at the War Department on the 21st:

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, June 21.—Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.—Things are pretty quiet to-day. There is not as much shelling as usual.

Our preparations are progressing well.

The enemy opened with some heavy guns yesterday, but did no harm.

G. B. McCLELLAN, Major-General.

From the Army in Front of Richmond.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, Sunday, June 22, 8 P. M.—This has been a remarkably quiet day considering the close proximity of the two contending forces.

Brisk skirmishing occurred all day yesterday, and last night everything indicated that a general engagement was at hand. The rebels advanced in strong force on our lines during the night, but being promptly met soon retired.

The Richmond papers of yesterday contain a dispatch from Montgomery, Alabama, dated the 17th inst., stating that Gen. Beauregard and staff had arrived there on their way to Richmond, and it was said that they were to be followed by a large portion of the army of the Mississippi, and that a sufficient force had been left under the invincible Bragg to check any advance of the Vandals under Halleck.

The Charleston Mercury, of the 18th, gives a graphic description of an engagement on James Island the previous Sunday, in which it acknowledges a severe loss on both sides without any material change in position.

The White River Expedition.

MEMPHIS, June 18.—An expedition, composed of the gunboats St. Louis, Lexington, Conestoga and Mound City, with transports carrying the 43d and 46th Indiana regiments, under Col. Fitch, was sent hence some days since to remove the obstructions from the White river.

On the 17th the expedition reached St. Charles, eighty-five miles above the mouth of the river, where the rebels had erected a battery.

An engagement ensued, lasting an hour and a half. While the gunboats engaged the batteries, the troops under Col. Fitch landed a short distance below and proceeded to storm the place.

During the cannonading a ball entered the boiler of the gunboat Mound City, causing a fearful explosion and loss of life.

The crew consisted of 175, of whom 125 were killed and wounded.

The following officers are among the killed:—

John Kenzie, James Scoville, John Green, Henry R. Brown, Joseph Nixon and John Cox.

Capt. Kelly, the Flag Officer, was badly scalded, but it is thought will recover.

Col. Fitch's charge on the battery was a perfect success, driving the enemy out at the point of the bayonet.

The rebel loss is 125 killed and wounded, and 30 prisoners.

Official Accounts.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The following was received at the War Department to-day:—

SAINT CHARLES, WHITE RIVER, ARKANSAS, June 17, *via* CAIRO, June 21.—To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—On arriving eight miles below here, last evening, we ascertained that the enemy had two batteries here, supported by a force (number unknown) of infantry.

A combined attack was made at 7 A. M. to-day. The regiment under my charge, the 46th Indiana, landed two and a half miles below the battery, and skirmishers were thrown out, who drove in the enemy's pickets.

The gunboats then moved up and opened on their battery. A rifled shot from one of the batteries penetrated the steam-drum of the Mound City, disabling, by scalding, most of her crew. Apprehensive that some similar accident might happen to the other gunboats, and thus leave my small force without their support, I signalled the gunboats to cease firing and we would storm the battery. They ceased exactly at the right moment, and my men carried the battery gallantly. The infantry were driven from the support of the guns, the gunners shot at their posts, and their commanding officer Frye, formerly of the United States navy, wounded and taken prisoner. Eight brass and iron guns, with ammunition, were captured.

The enemy's loss is unknown. We have buried seven or eight of their dead, and other dead and wounded are being brought in.

The casualties among my own command are small, the only real loss being from the escaping steam in the Mound City. She will probably be repaired and ready to proceed with us up the river to-morrow.

A full report will be made as early as possible. Very respectfully yours,

G. N. FITCH, Col. commanding 46th Indiana Vols.

The following dispatch was received at the Navy Department:

UNITED STATES FLAG-STEAMER BENTON, MEMPHIS, June 19, *via* Cairo, June 21.—To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.—The gunboat Conestoga, returning from the White River, reports the capture of two batteries, mounting seven guns, at St. Charles, eight miles from the mouth. The attack was commenced by Capt. Kelty, in the gunboats, who silenced the first battery. The second battery was gallantly carried by Col. Fitch, at the head of the Forty-sixth Indiana volunteers. A shot caused the explosion of the steam drum of the Mound City, by which a part of her officers and crew were killed and wounded. I write by to-day's mail.

CHARLES H. DAVIS, Flag Officer.

Death of Col. Ellet.

CAIRO, June 21.—Col. Ellet, of the Ram fleet, died here this morning, from the wound received in the engagement before Memphis.

Miscellaneous.

The Roanoke has arrived at New York from New Orleans. James Robb has been appointed Military Governor of New Orleans. Gen. Butler has issued a special order complimenting the troops. An order has been issued which requires that all citizens who hold places of trust which calls for the doing of any legal act whatever, must take the oath of allegiance. The same must be done by all citizens requiring protection, the privilege of passports; to have money paid them, or having the benefit of the power of the United States; except for protection from personal violence. Foreign residents must swear or affirm to do no act or be privy to none that shall aid or comfort the enemies of the United States so long as their own Government remains at peace with the United States.

It is reported that a part of Commodore Porter's fleet, which was at New Orleans on the 8th, is now on the way to Vicksburg.

Advices from both Generals Banks and Fremont give it as their belief that Jackson has been largely reinforced, and will soon be on his way down the valley again, with the object of clearing it, and making or threatening a demonstration upon Maryland and the capital. It is said the Secretary of War is inclined to believe this, and that he is making his preparations accordingly.

Advices from the vicinity of Mobile state that the rebels at Mobile have been reinforced by 12,000 men from Beauregard's army. Gen. Beauregard is reported to have arrived there. Fort Morgan has been strengthened.

Towns on the west coast of Florida have been occupied by rebel troops in larger numbers than ever before. Our troops are erecting fortifications near Pensacola.

One hundred rebel dragoons have delivered themselves up at Washington, N. C. Six North Carolina regiments have been disbanded at Richmond and placed under guard, previous to which they hung their Brigadier-General. A force of our troops engaged a body of rebels six miles from Newbern, and captured their fortifications. Z. B. Vance has been nominated by the Opposition party of North Carolina for Governor.

Holly Springs, Miss., has been occupied by a portion of Gen. Sherman's command.

Southern papers received at Memphis confirm the evacuation of Grenada by Beauregard.

The rebels have murdered large numbers of contrabands at a plantation on Hutchinson's island, S. C.

The recent court-martial instituted in the case of Brigadier-General D. R. Birney, for alleged misconduct at the recent battle of Fair Oaks, has honorably exonerated him, and he has again resumed command of his brigade.

The War Department has transmitted to the Governors of the States an order to encourage enlistments by offering a premium of two dollars and the first month's pay in advance to all volunteers for three years or during the war.

ANOTHER BATTLE ON JAMES ISLAND.

OUR FORCES WITHIN FOUR MILES OF CHARLESTON—REBEL FEARS FOR THE SAFETY OF THE CITY.

FORTRESS MONROE, June 23d—8 30 A. M.—The steamer Metamora arrived from City Point last night, but too late to send a dispatch through.

The Richmond papers of Saturday contain a brief account of a bloody battle, fought on Monday last, between five Federal regiments and a battery of Parrott guns, and part of four Confederate regiments and a battery. The battle lasted all day, with a heavy loss on both sides.

The Charleston Mercury feared that the battle would be renewed the next day, and expressed apprehension for the safety of the city, in consequence of the great exhaustion of the Southern troops and the loss of navy officers.

Generals Evans and Pemberton compliments the troops for their bravery in standing under the shells of our gunboats and batteries.

The fight took place within four miles of Charleston, and from the tone of an editorial of the Mercury, I should think that the rebels have been cut off from a retreat by our gunboats. If this be so Charleston must soon fall.

The dispatch says it can be no longer denied that Jackson has been heavily reinforced lately, and that the Federal columns must either combine or fall back across the Potomac.

☞ Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective; some must be seen at a distance.

☞ An exchange says of a certain public man, "He is a poor puppy—very poor, and very puppy."

☞ Parson Brownlow, according to a suggestion in the Christian Inquirer, ought to be called the modern Dante, since he is more familiar with the infernal regions than anybody since the great Tuscan.

☞ Muggins was passing up St. Clair street one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, gazed intently at the defunct animal, and at last said:—"Here is another shipwreck." "Shipwreck! where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

☞ The necessary reconstruction of the navy will effect an entire change of nautical phraseology. "*Shiver my timbers*" will become obsolete, and the corresponding exclamation will be, "*Unrivet my plates.*" Instead of "*Scuttle my coppers,*" the dramatic Jack Tar will have to say "*Foul my screw,*" or "*Smash my cupola,*" and whereas he used to utter imprecations on his bowsprit, he will henceforth, perhaps, invoke injury on his bowsplitter. "*Long Tom Coffin,*" take note.—*London Punch.*

☞ BEAUTY.—After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.

☞ "You can't do too much for your employers, man," said somebody to a big-fisted, strong-backed man-of-all-work, on the wharf, the other day. "Arrah, be jabers," replied Pat, with emphasis, "*neither will I try!*"

☞ A New Orleans letter writer says that the ladies of that city will not only turn up their pretty noses at the Union soldiers, but will "spit and *screech* at them as they pass." Well, we suppose the New Orleans ladies desire to prove to the gallant Federals that they are *delicious screechers.*

☞ A perverse inebriate, having fallen under the festive board at a disgracefully early hour, was strongly urged by his friends to get out and take the air. "Never!" he said, "a billion times never!" But they nevertheless took him quietly up and set him out on the door-stone. "I'm out here," he said, "by brute force. Thaz way (hic) I'm *out* here; but 'f yer think I'm goin' to *take er air*, yer very mush 'staken!"

☞ Give with discretion. It is not because it is less valuable than pure gold, that women have a strong dislike to imitation jewelry; but rather because their highly sensitive nature abhors a sham.

☞ Every treasure, no matter how precious, comes to us in an earthen vessel, and some day earth will claim its own; but the treasure remains, and what you have surrendered shall in due time be made good to you and more.

IN MEMORIAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"She is no more to be found in all the earth."

Oh, search is vain! No more in all the earth
May she be found amid the youthful throng;
And never more to peaceful home and hearth
Will her sweet presence come with light and song.

No more in all the earth! ah, whither gone!
And wherefore gone? Love held her closely here—
Fond hearts are desolate,—and life is lone,—
No more in all the earth will she appear.

Tears fall like rain for *her*, yet maidens fair
Fill many a home with joyousness and mirth—
Maidens with laughing eyes and sunny hair,
But she may not be found in all the earth.

No more in all the earth! Oh, say not so!
For weeping friends one dark and dismal day
Bore her sweet form along with footsteps slow,
And laid it softly in the grave away.

Then surely here she lies in sweet repose—
Our loved and lost—and on this grassy mound,
Where tenderly the drooping violet blows,
Fond search at last a resting-place has found.

Ah, no! not even here—she is not here!—
Afresh our aching hearts with grief were riven,
Did not sweet Hope arrive to check the tear,
Did not calm Faith look up and speak of Heaven.

And, oh, what is she there!—so guileless here,
So seemingly from imperfection free,
That even to envy's eyes she did appear
A very lily in her purity.

What is she there—freed from the stains of earth?
Oh, let us weep no more, nor be cast down—
Our loss, to her is gain of priceless worth,—
She shines a jewel in her Saviour's crown.

Oh, blissful place! Oh, holy, happy bourn!
Forever meet to be her Saviour's guest;
Why should we mourn as those who hopeless mourn,
That her young feet have early found their rest!

H. L.

THE TREASURE OF THE INCAS.

Going up and down, down and up, is the fate of the inhabitants of Quito, South America. The streets will not allow the use of vehicles, hence persons must go about afoot or on horseback. The principal streets open on to squares, among which the Plaza Mayor is the handsomest. Some of the churches contain handsome pictures, and to one of these churches—that of the Dolores de la Virgin—a curious history of the sixteenth century is attached, which we venture to quote for its novelty.

Captain Fernand Suarez had taken into his service an Indian, discarded by his relatives and repelled by all on account of his ugliness, which was comparable to that of the Fiend. He felt pity for the unfortunate man, had him christened, and taught him to read and write. Ere long the attachment of the master to his servant became so great that he treated him like his own son. The Indian, whose name was Cantuna, loved his benefactor as he would have done a tender and affectionate father.

Reverses of fortune fell on Suarez; crushed with debt, no other resource was left him but to sell his house, and then die in want. On seeing the captain reduced to this extremity, Cantuna said to him:

"You have no need to sell your house; merely have a subterranean vault made. I will go there alone, with the proper implements for melting metals, and supply you with enough gold to satisfy your creditors, and let you live in opulence; but, on two conditions, my excellent master."

"What are they, my son?"

"That you will not divulge to a soul that it is I who supply you with such wealth, nor will you try to discover whence I obtain it."

Suarez, convinced of the religious principles and probity of Cantuna, believed him no more capable of committing an action contrary to the law, than of forming a compact with Satan. He accepted the conditions, and swore to observe them scrupulously, in the presence of an image blessed by the Pope.—He thought, too, that since so much mystery was wanted, it would not be wise to call in workmen to make the vault.

"Let us make it ourselves," he said to the Indian.

Both set to work, and the job was soon finished. After his first solitary visit, Cantuna brought up a mass of molten gold, worth more than 100,000 piastres (£20,000). Everybody was amazed at seeing a ruined man not only get rid of his embarrassments, but display extraordinary munificence to monks and beggars. The respect with which he inspired all classes, however, checked the comments of the crowd. It was not so after his death. Cantuna, who became the heir of his master's fortune, surpassed even him in his pious donations and alms. Public curiosity insisted on knowing the source of such generosity, and the Indian, compelled to have an explanation with justice, answered as follows:

"Yes, I confess it; it was I who gave gold to Suarez and many others. The treasure is inexhaustible, but it costs me dear. I have signed a compact with the Fiend in my blood, and I obtain from him the power of giving such lavish bounty."

Such a confession, it might be supposed, would have brought the Indian before the Holy Office, but the pious use he made of his gold was taken into consideration. The Franciscans, whom he peculiarly favored, protected him, for they feared the loss of a splendid income. Still they exhorted him to break his impious compact; but he was too wise to do so, as he felt sure that when his money stopped, the monks would have no hesitation about sending him to the stake.

Cantuna braved, calmly and stoically, both aversion and pity. He laughed at those who declined his gifts, and told them they were wrong; to those who accepted them—and all the priests were of the number—he remarked that the demon groaned at seeing the fruits of his toil pass into pious hands.

Thus lived Cantuna, distributing publicly and secretly a goodly number of thousands. At his death, which created an immense sensation, the religious orders proceeded with reliquaries and conjurations to defend his corpse against the infernal powers. When the house had been sprinkled with holy water all over, it was thoroughly searched; the vault was discovered, and in it lay piles of molten gold and Indian jewels, prepared for the crucible.

The latter explained the fable by which the Spaniards had been duped. Cantuna indubitably procured them from some unknown hiding-place. It was remembered that he was the son of Heralia, the puissant Indian chief who buried the rich treasures of the Incas. It was from this source, then, that Cantuna drew his immense treasures, and carefully melted them down, inventing a fable not to set the Spaniards on the right track.

Great was the sorrow of the Franciscans at not having suspected this fact sooner. They would have overwhelmed the dying man with promises and threats, in order to become the legatees of the secret which the Indian bore with him to the tomb. His mode of acting, up to the last moment, led to the belief that the treasure of the Incas was far from being exhausted, but they sought for it in vain, and it has not yet been found. Still, the Franciscans thought themselves bound to rehabilitate Cantuna's memory, and secure his salvation with a part of his money. They published the narrative and founded a church, specially intended for Indians, and devoted to the Virgin of Sorrows, for she was the Madona whom Cantuna had ever most fervently worshipped.

EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT ON HEALTH.

Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized modes of life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength.

When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed, and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each one provided with a lounge, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge, and turning over, from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases, which seemed waiting only for the shroud, were galvanized into life and health by this process.

Many years ago, a clergyman, who had for years been a victim to dyspepsia, and who had earnestly prayed for death as the only door of escape, came at length, through the advice of a mutual friend, to consult me. I advised the disuse of all medicines, and generous use of cracked wheat and good beef, and much exposure to the sun. To secure the last-mentioned item, I directed him to build a close fence, covering a space twenty feet square in his garden, and plant the earth within with something to occupy his mind and time. Then, when the weather was warm, shutting himself in, he was too busy himself, *quite nude*, with the cultivation of his vegetables, from ten to sixty minutes each day, always indulging in a thorough bath and vigorous friction, before dressing. *He was speedily and radically cured.*

I was practising my profession in Buffalo, N. Y., during '49 and '51—those memorable cholera seasons. I saw at least five cases of cholera on the shady side of the street and houses to one on the sunny side. One eminent physician in New Orleans reports, from his own practice, eight cases of yellow fever on the shady side of the street to one on the sunny side.

Who has not read Florence Nightingale's observations in the Crimea in regard to the typhoid fever, as between the shady and sunny side of the hospitals? In St. Petersburg, the shady side of the military hospitals was so notoriously unfavorable to the sick soldier, that the Czar decreed them into disuse.

The shade trees about our dwellings have done something to make our wives pale and feeble. Is it not enough that our women should have placed between them and the great fountain of light and life six inches of brick wall, without the addition of twenty feet of green leaves? Trees ought never to stand near enough to our house to cast a shade upon them; and, if the blinds were removed, and nothing but a curtain within, with which to lessen, on the hottest days, the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and our general vigor.

The piazzas which project over the lower story always make that inferior to the upper story, especially for sleeping purposes. I cured, during my professional career, a great many cases of rheumatism, by advising the patients to leave a bedroom shaded by trees or a broad piazza, and sleep in a room and a bed which were constantly dried and purified by the direct rays of the sun.—*Lewis's Journal of Physical Culture.*

[And yet the inhabitants of the torrid, sunny regions of the globe are not stronger and healthier than the natives of less sunny climes—they are paler and less vigorous. While it seems to be almost an instinct in summer to seek the shady side of the street or of the road.—*Editor.*]

ABOUT KEEPING GOATS.

Many persons who cannot conveniently keep a cow, would find it profitable to keep one or two common goats. They require but little care, may be supported at small cost, and yield a good supply of milk of superior quality. A goat, well kept, will yield from three pints to two quarts of milk daily, for a large part of the year, the quantity diminishing in the cold weather as the time of kidding approaches. It is much cheaper to keep a goat in town, than to pay a milkman, and families everywhere will find the milk very nutritive and wholesome, and especially good for children in most cases. An English writer estimates that two goats are equal to a small Shetland cow.

Goats may be very cheaply supported. If picketed in a pasture in warm weather, or allowed to be at large, they will pick up their own living, eating readily almost every sort of green thing. Grass, weeds, twigs or bushes, vegetables, fruits, nearly everything that grows, will suit their taste. They are fond of dry leaves, corn-stalks, horse-chestnuts, and even eat poisonous plants with impunity. If confined in a yard, or in closer quarters, they will take the scraps and waste of the kitchen. Some persons allow them to feed out of the swill-pail, but this practice cannot be commended. Cobbett says, in his "Cottage Economy:"

"When I was in the army, in New Brunswick, where, be it observed, the snow lies on the ground seven months in the year, there were many goats that belonged to the regiment, and that went about with it on shipboard and everywhere else. Some of them had gone through nearly the whole of the American war. We never fed them. In summer they picked about wherever they could find grass; and in winter, they lived on cabbage-leaves, potato-peelings, and other things flung out of the soldiers' rooms and huts. One of these goats belonged to me, and on an average throughout the year, she gave me more than three half-pints of milk a day. I used to have the kid killed when a few days old; and, for some time, the goat would give nearly, or quite, two quarts of milk a day. She was seldom dry more than three weeks in a year."

The same writer adds, that "goats will pick peelings out of the kennel and eat them. They will eat mouldy bread or biscuit; musty hay and rotten straw; furze-bushes, heath-thistles, and, indeed, what will they not eat, when they will make a hearty meal on paper, brown or white, printed on or not printed on, and give milk all the while?" I may add to Cobbett's list of odd delicacies, by stating that my own goats have gnawned smooth the rough sides of my pile of hemlock bark, and have cleaned out all the powder-post from the sills of the wood-shed!

But goats, like most other animals, prefer clean food, and will not devour all the above-mentioned things if a supply of more desirable edibles be at hand. In the winter, it is well to lay in a few hundred pounds of hay—second crop is preferable—a few carrots, and some fine feed. Indian meal is sometimes given to them, but it is too drying. They need water occasionally, but do not drink much.

The goat is one of the most hardy of our domestic animals, enduring easily all extremes of heat and cold. It needs the shelter of a shed or barn in wintry and stormy weather, and will lie anywhere on the floor, preferring a board to a bed. Its natural activity and nimbleness, together with a capricious disposition, fit this creature to enjoy a state of freedom. When roaming wild, on its native mountains, it loves to climb the most dangerous and inaccessible places, clinging on the verge of precipices by its wide-spreading and sharp-edged hoofs, and defying the pursuit of the hunter. This inclination it manifests in domestic life, by scaling sheds, walls, wood-piles, etc., with great agility. But the goat will bear confinement extremely well, continuing in good health, and yielding the usual quantity of milk. On shipboard it is healthier than any other domestic animal, and is highly valued on account of its sportiveness, its familiarity, and its ability to give milk upon such waste food as is there obtainable.

The milk of the female goat is sweet, rich and nourishing. It has the body and smoothness of cream, is viscid and strengthening, little productive of oil, but abundant in the matter of cheese. In tea and coffee it is far superior to cow's milk, and will go at least as far again in imparting color and flavor. In all kinds of cooking it is equally excellent. It has no peculiar or unpleasant taste, and is not affected by what the creature eats. Onion tops have been given to the females, by way of experiment, without imparting an oniony taste to the milk. I consider two pints of goat's milk to be as good in a family, in every way, as three pints of cows' milk.

For most feeble and sickly children, as well as those in health, it is invaluable. It does not tend to form curds in the stomach, as cows' milk does, and is therefore frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of extreme weakness. It is sold for this purpose in Salem at twenty-five cents a quart. Invalids abroad often resort to the mountainous districts of Ireland and Scotland to derive benefit from the use of this article, which is there known as "goats' whey." Mr. Colman noticed that the Irish mountaineers, about the Lake of Killarney, kept from one to thirty goats apiece, for the sake of the tourists to that delightful region. In Spain and Portugal, goats are abundant, and in Lisbon, their milk is more commonly used than that of cows. The goats in those countries are driven into the cities in the morning and milked at the doors of the houses. The district in France most celebrated for goats is the Canton Mont d'Or, where, in a space not exceeding two leagues (six miles) in diameter, upwards of eleven thousand are kept, chiefly to supply the city of Lyons with cheese. There are several other interesting particulars relative to the goat, which I will give in another paper.—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

THE MODEL GENERAL.

BY MARSHAL MARMONT.

The General's Courage.—He is brave, and known to be so by his whole army; his courage cannot for a moment be questioned or become a matter of doubt. His valor is characterized by calmness and coolness, without, however, excluding, in certain circumstances, that dash and activity which are contagious and attractive. If his reputation, in this respect, is not sufficiently established, he should seek and seize an opportunity for fixing it upon an immovable foundation; otherwise he cannot exercise over Generals, officers, and soldiers, that power of respect and esteem indispensable to his success.

His Foresight.—He will ceaselessly bear in mind that a surprise never happens except as a consequence of culpable neglect, and that a General surprised is dishonored.

His Responsibility.—It is not only himself but his subordinates also, whom he must shelter from reproach, by preventing their mistakes.

Not a Writer.—Knowing the value of time, the only treasure which cannot be supplied, he will dispense with writing much himself, leaving this labor to those who, by explicit function, are charged with transmitting his orders. He will reserve to himself only the approval of their work. Never has a good General written much in war movements. It is the head which must then work, and not the hand. He employs his time more usefully in giving verbal instructions, in preserving freedom of mind to judge whether his intentions have been faithfully rendered, and in meditating upon new combinations.

His Activity.—His activity should be unbounded; his presence, often unexpected, will render every one fearful of being caught in fault; he will thus nourish the zeal of all.

His Hospitality.—A General should be as magnificent as his fortune will allow. His greatest luxury should consist in a large number of horses; he must have enough not to be hindered in any plans he may deem useful. He should have, as the next object of his magnificence, a mansion in which he can constantly dispense hospitality. Never should an officer come to his headquarters, on service, without receiving testimonials of it. It is, in the first place, a praiseworthy act in itself; for the staff officers, or officers separated from their corps, are in such unfortunate conditions as to living, that they would be reduced, if the General did not have a care of them, to a state of real want. To this humane consideration is joined another interest, which regards the good of the service itself. An officer, charged with dispatches, hastens his arrival when he knows beforehand the reception which awaits him. He quickens his march from affection for his commander and for himself. Time, always elsewhere useful, plays so important a part in war, that it must by every means be economized.

His Secretiveness.—All projects demand the profoundest secrecy; a General should never communicate them except to those charged with their execution, and at the very moment when their knowledge of them becomes necessary. How many enterprises, well conceived, have failed by reason of having been known to the enemy! Nothing, on the contrary, is more favorable to success than to allow an opposite opinion to the true one formed; it is by deceiving those who surround him that a General will make the charge more effective upon the enemy.

THE PORTRAIT OF A RIVAL.

When I behold that lowering brow,
Which indicates the mind within,
I marvel much that woman's vow
A man like that could ever win!
Yet it is said, in rustic bower,
(The fable I have often heard,)
A serpent has mysterious power
To captivate a timid bird.

This precept then I sadly trace—
That love's a fluttering thing of air;
And yonder lurks the viper base
Who would my gentle bird ensnare!
'Twas in the shades of Eden's bower
This fascination had its birth,
And even there possessed the power
To lure the paragon of earth!

MARRIAGE OF DAUGHTERS.

Henry Taylor, in his "Notes from Life," comprises not a little sound as well as practical philosophy upon the incidents leading to marriage and the relations of mothers thereto. We give it for the benefit of both mothers and daughters:—

"If an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management—not more than they very often do use, but more than they are wont to avow or than society is wont to countenance—with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name, probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married, which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves—which is not desirable—or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance, and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations, where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be not improbably such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind when other such cases have come under my observation—'We have no reason to be surprised, unless we know what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in love with Ferdinand, she would have been in love with Caliban.'"

CAUSES OF PESTILENCE.

A writer in the Louisville Journal argues that pestilence is invariably caused by vegetable decay, never by putrescent animal matter. We extract the following paragraphs from his remarks:—

All human experience teaches that accumulations of *vegetable filth*, if moist, under the dominion of a daily mean temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, will *produce sickness*. If the filth remains, and is moist, and the daily mean temperature increases, the pestilence *widens and deepens its ravages*. There never has been and never will be a departure from these truths. Every spot on the earth, where the conditions which we have named existed, has produced severe sickness, and the conditions will always produce it.

There is no instance in human history where a pestilence has been produced by the decay of animal matter. Medical records are full of impressive and instructive facts on this point. Take, for example, the butchers of Louisville. They live in such close proximity to one another, that the locality is called Butchertown. Their slaughter-houses are near their dwellings; glue-manufactories and other disagreeable establishments abound in the locality, and the summer's breath is loaded with the offensive odors of putrid animal matter. The butchers live among these odors through the day and sleep among them at night; yet there is not a more healthy class of people in this city.

An old grave-yard in the heart of the city of Paris, emitted such odors that it was determined by the authorities to remove the dead bodies. This was done in hot weather, but, although twenty thousand bodies in all stages of putrefaction were thus removed, no fever or pestilence was produced. Some of the workmen were knocked down by the overpowering odor, but the effect was momentary.

During an epidemic fever in Spain in 1800, there were buried in Seville, 10,000 bodies in one burying ground, and 12,000 in three others. In Cadiz, also, equally extensive burials occurred, and in the spring the earth cracked open and emitted the most noisome odors. The churches were filled with these odors, but there was no epidemic in either city, nor any sickness traceable to this putrefaction.

In Smyrna, the French governor of the hospital said, that during an epidemic of plague, large numbers of dead bodies were laid in the burying grounds unburied, and that his house was rendered intolerable by the stench, but himself and family were in perfect health throughout the visitation.

A man with his wife and two sons lived under the anatomical rooms of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. They lived amidst the most reeking odors of putrefying flesh, but he never had any sickness in his family during the ten years.

During the manufacture of adipocere, at Canham, England, the entrails and useless parts of the carcasses of hundreds of animals were left around the manufactory, and the odors were horrible to the workmen, but during the years the men worked among these odors, there was not a case of sickness among the workmen.

Dr. Gordon gives an account of the stranding of a whale on the Island of Santa Cruz. Its putrefaction loaded the air for weeks with the most offensive odors, but there was no sickness from the effluvia. Dr. Gordon also speaks of the putrefaction of one thousand barrels of beef on the same island, which gave rise to such odors that men were employed to throw the barrels into the sea. None of the people in the neighborhood, nor any of the men employed in removing the nuisance, had any sickness.

In various parts of this country myriads of fish are strewn over the land for manure, which load the air with flagrant odor, but no case of fever nor any form of pestilence has ever been known to spring from this source.

How Health Brightens Things.—Nature has so knit the mind and body together, that they act and react upon each other.—Who has not felt that the state of health gives a coloring to everything that happens to him? One man, whose health is depressed, sees his own fireside, that used to burn so cheerily, only colored with gloom and sadness. Another, of a bright and joyous mind, in the full vigor of health, will go forth, and the very desert to that man's eye will rejoice, and the very wilderness to his view will blossom as the rose, and the saddest strains of Nature will sound to him the most joyous and brilliant. A sufferer goes out and looks on Nature, and its roses all become thorns, its myrtles all look like briars, all the sweetest minstrelsy of the grove and forest sound to him like a wild wailing minor running through all the sounds of Nature.

☞ In the great number of conversions, (said Horace Mann), the stomach is the last member which is converted; and while the *soul* is wholly sanctified, the *stomach* often remains a heathen barbarian.

☞ A father who was about to send his son to one of our universities, remarked to a friend that the youth possessed every requisite fitting him for college, *except genius and application.*

☞ Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor, because all men's expectations grow faster than their fortunes.

THE WORLD'S OPINION.

We all know that there are great and important things in which the world thinks wrongly; take issue *there* with the world, if you like; but it is not worth while to do so in small matters of dress and behaviour. It is not worth while to take a beard into the pulpit where it will interfere with the congregation's attention to the sermon; nor to appear in the same place in lavender gloves in a country where lavender grows, in such a locality are unknown. It is wise to give in to the little requirements on which the world's opinion has been plainly expressed. If you are resolved to take a part of opposition to all the world, do so in the behalf of things which are worth the trouble of the strife. Let it not be engraven on your tombstone: Here lies the man who confronted the human race on the question of the wide-awake hat. Stand up for truth and right, if you are fond of fighting; you will have many opportunities in this life. Smite the flunky, pierce the humbug, violently kick the aristocratic liar and seducer, and probably you will find abundant occupation. But though you know it is a pleasant and enjoyable thing for yourself and your children to sit on the steps of your country-house in the sunshine after breakfast, you will not gain the approval of wise men by doing the like on the steps of your town house, in a much frequented street; say, for example, in Prince street, Edinburgh. And though you often roll on the grass with your little boy in the country, do not attempt the like on the pavement of such a public way. For in that case it is conceivable that you may be jeered at by the passers-by, and apprehended by the police. And while you are being conveyed to the station-house, instead of being esteemed as a philosopher, and revered as a martyr, it is not impossible that you may be laughed at as a fool.

"We sat on the bridge and swung our legs over the water;" with these words an eloquent writer lately began an essay. Of course, that bridge was a quiet, rural spot. If the writer and his friend had done the like on London Bridge, the small boys would have hallooed at them, and the constable would have moved them on. Yet the merits of the deed are the same in either case. Only in the one case, the world says, You may; in the other case, it says, You must not. And the human being who resists the world's judgment in these little matters, shows, not strength, but weakness. Where principle is involved, it is noble to swing your legs, but not otherwise. But doubtless you have remarked that it is a common thing to find great obstinacy in a man who has no real firmness. You will find people who are squeezable and facile in the great affairs of life, and in their larger opinions have not a mind of their own, but adopt the opinion of the last person they heard express one; yet who persistently stick to some little absurd or bad habit, which they have often been entreated to leave off, which annoys their friends, and makes them ridiculous. You will find a man whom you might turn round with a straw, in his belief on any question political, moral, or literary, but who, having taken up the ground that once one is three, would go to the stake rather than give in to the world's way of thinking on that point.—*Country Parson.*

CHILDHOOD.

We hear much of "the sunny hours of childhood," and other terms expressing the happiness of early life, but I doubt whether children are really happier than grown people. They are free from great cares and anxieties, it is true, but their sensibilities are so fine that their little troubles are felt as keenly, for the time, as greater ones in after life. I well remember what I suffered when my kind, good grandfather, who was ever so gentle to me, spoke sternly to me once, when I was about five years old. He only told me to "get up" rather hastily. It would have been nothing coming from any one else, but from him—I was deeply wounded, and went off under some low pines and cried bitterly. Yes, you have your little troubles as other people, and sometimes you feel sad from no cause that you can see, do you not? When all is gay and beautiful, the shadow flits over you. The murmur of the falling leaf; the soft autumn sunlight fill you with sadness.—Why is this? Is not earth beautiful and fair, and your pathway strewn with roses? Yes, all of this, and "gentle words and living smiles" are yours, and still you are sad, because these things alone cannot satisfy the cravings of your spirit. Then this sadness—this yearning for something more. This is the spirit's food, without which we were never intended to be happy. As light to the eye, perfume to the flower, and skillful hand to the silent harp, so is love to the human soul. This is not above your comprehension. Certainly not; for you know what love is; your hearts are full of it, and it is as natural to you as the air you breathe. You will at once understand it. Being love, it cannot make you gloomy or unsociable. On the contrary, it will fill your heart with melody, sweet as that the birds are all day trilling; and give you pure and sweet and tender thoughts, such as little infants have when looking in a mother's eye. Love can chase the shadows from your sky, and fill it with celestial light. It can change the mournful echo which your heart gives back to sweetest music, into a refrain from "golden harps" far up in heaven. It can strengthen and refresh and purify your natures as April showers do the young spring birds; and it can brighten your inner soul like warm sunshine on the first opening flowers of spring.

☞ At a debating society, the other day, the subject was—"Which is the sweetest production, a girl or a strawberry?" After continuing the argument for two nights, the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old ones going for the strawberries, and the young ones for the girls.

TO-DAY'S CROSS.

Zeal in one duty will not me excuse
For leaving some less pleasant task undone;
It is not given me my cross to choose—
Which trial to accept and which to shun.

It may be good, this work which I fulfill,
Nor taken up the applause of men to gain;
While I, condemned at heart, am conscious still
That my true burden doth untouched remain.

God only can the secret motive view,
The unknown thought which prompts the act within,
And much that man admires as pure and true,
He sees to have its hidden birth in sin.

Oh, that I might the narrow pathway tread,
A steadfast follower of the Heavenly Guide,
Where He would lead me, willing to be led,
Though humbling oft those leadings to my pride!

Thus have I walked at times, and ever found
My happiest hours upon that blood-stained road;
There fruits of peace and flowers of hope abound,
And there my cross becomes an easy load.

But presently the weakness of my faith,
Or fears to meet and brave the scorn of men,
Do tempt me to forsake that lowly path;
And then the cross doth weigh me down again.

Saviour! Thou canst the needful strength bestow,
My triumph in each conflict to secure;
But I, who well the victory's sweetness know,
Cannot, alone, its lightest toils endure.

Then hear me, oh, my Saviour! while I pray
For grace to follow on and do Thy will,
That this day's cross I may take up to-day,
And this day's journey, ere 'tis night, fulfill.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A LETTER FOR MR. GALLOWAY.

Morning passed into afternoon, and afternood was drawing towards its close. Roland Yorke, had contrived to struggle through it, and be alive still, in spite of the amount of work which was pressed upon him. Mr. Galloway had put on his spectacles and copied out several pages himself—a thing he rarely attempted. But he had gone out now, and had carried with him some letters to post.

"Yes!" grumbled Roland. "He can stretch *his* legs, but he takes good care I shall not stretch mine! Why couldn't he send me with those letters? It's my place to post them; it's not his. Write, write write! till my fingers have got the cramp, and my feet have no more feeling in them than the stool here! Why, I wouldn't stop by myself in this horrid, musty, parchmented old place—Oh, it's you, is it?"

This was addressed to the postman, who came in with the afternoon delivery of letters—two, which he handed to Roland, and departed.

Of course Roland immediately began to scrutinize them; turning them over; critically guessing at the senders; playing with them at pitch and toss—anything to while away the time, and afford him some cessation from his own work. By these means he contrived to pass five minutes rather agreeably (estimating things by comparison,) when Mr. Galloway's servant entered.

"Is my master in, Mr. Roland?"

"Of course he's not," said Roland. "He's gone gallavanting somewhere. He has all the pleasure of it, and I have all the work."

"Will you please to give him this letter, then?" said the man. "The post has just left it at our house, so I brought it round."

"What's it brought round here for?" asked Roland.

"Because he ordered it done. He said he expected a letter would be delivered at the house by the afternoon post, and if it came I was to bring it to him at once. Good afternoon, sir."

This little bit of information was quite enough for Roland. He seized the letter, as he had done the others, and subjected it to the like scrutiny. The address was written in a singular hand; in large, printing-looking letters. Roland satisfied his curiosity, so far as the outside of the letter could do it, and then rose from his stool and laid the three letters upon Mr. Galloway's desk in his private room.

A short while, and that gentleman entered.

"Anything by the post?" was his first question.

"Two letters, sir," replied Roland. "And John brought round one, which was addressed to the house. He said you expected it."

Mr. Galloway went into his private room. He glanced casually at the address on the letters, and then called Roland Yorke.

"Where is the letter John brought round?" he inquired, somewhat testily.

Roland pointed it out.

"That was it, sir."

"That?" Mr. Galloway bent on it a keener glance, which probably satisfied him that it bore his private address. "Was this the only one he brought?" added he; and from his manner and words Roland inferred that it was not the letter he had expected.

"That was all, sir."

Roland returned to his own room, and Mr. Galloway sat down and opened his letters. The first two were short communications relative to business; the last was the one brought by John.

What did it contain? For one thing, it contained a bank bank-note for £20. But the contents? Mr. Galloway gazed at it, and rubbed his brow, and gazed again. He took off his spectacles, and put them on; he looked at the bank-note, and he read and re-read the letter; for it completely upset the theory and set at nought the data he had been going upon; especially the data of the last few hours.

"The finder of that lost £20 note sends it back to Mr. Galloway. His motive in doing so is, that the wrongly suspected may be cleared. He who was publicly accused of the offence was innocent, as were all others upon whom suspicion (though not acted upon) may have fallen. The writer of this alone took the note, and he now restores it."

Abrupt and signatureless, such was the letter. When Mr. Galloway had sufficiently overcome his surprise to reason rationally, it struck him as being a singular coincidence that this should come to him on the day when the old affair had been renewed again. Since its bustle had died out at the time of the occurrence, Mr. Galloway did not remember to have voluntarily spoken of it, until that morning with Roland Yorke.

He took up the bank-note. Was it the one actually taken—the same note—kept, possibly, in fear, and now returned? He had no means of knowing. He thought it was not the same. His recollection of the lost note had seemed to be that it was a dirty note, which must have passed through many hands; but he had never been quite clear upon that point. This note was clean and crisp.

Who *had* taken it? Who had sent it back? It entirely disposed of that disagreeable suspicion touching his cousin. Had his cousin so far forgotten himself as to take the note, he would not have been likely to return it: *he* knew nothing of the proceedings which had taken place in Helstonleigh, for Mr. Galloway had never mentioned them to him. The writer of this letter was cognizant of them, and had sent it that they might be removed.

At the first glance it, of course, it appeared to be a proof positive that Arthur Channing was not guilty. But Mr. Galloway was not accustomed to take only the superficial view of things: and it struck him, as it would strike others, that this might be, after all, a refined bit of finesse on Arthur's own part to remove the suspicion off himself. True, the cost of essaying it was twenty pounds; but what was that, compared in value to the restoration of his good name?

The letter bore the London post-mark. There was not a doubt that it had been there posted. That told nothing. Arthur, or anybody else, could get a letter posted there, if wishing to do it; "where there's a will, there's a way," thought Mr. Galloway. But again, where was Arthur Channing to get twenty pounds from? Mr. Galloway did not think that he could get it from anywhere, or that he possessed himself a twentieth part of it. So far, the probability was against Arthur's being the author. Mr. Galloway quite lost himself in conjectures. Why should it have been addressed to his residence, and not to the office? He had been expecting a letter from one, that afternoon, who always did address to his residence; and that letter, it appeared, had not come. However, that had nothing to do with this. Neither paper nor writing afforded any clue, and the latter was palpably disguised.

He called in Roland Yorke for the purpose of putting to him a few useless questions—like a great many of us do when we are puzzled—questions at any rate, that could throw no light upon the main subject.

"What did John say, when he brought this letter?"

"Only what I told you, sir. That you expected a letter addressed to the house, and ordered him to bring it round."

"But *this* is not the letter I expected," tapping it with his finger, and looking altogether so puzzled and astonished, that Roland stared in his turn.

"It's not my fault," returned he. "Shall I run round, sir, and ask John about it?"

"No," testily answered Mr. Galloway. "Don't be so fond of running round. This letter— There's somebody come into the office," he broke off.

Roland turned with alacrity, but very speedily appeared again, on his best behaviour, bowing as he showed in the Dean of Helstonleigh.

Mr. Galloway rose, and remained standing. The Dean entered upon the business which had brought him there, a trifling matter connected with the affairs of the chapter. This over, Mr. Galloway took up the letter and showed it to him. The Dean read it, and looked at the bank-note.

"I cannot quite decide in what light I ought to take it, sir," remarked Mr. Galloway. "It either refutes the suspicion of Arthur Channing's guilt, or else it confirms it."

"In what way confirms it? I do not understand you," said the Dean.

"It may have come from himself, Mr. Dean. A wheel within a wheel."

The Dean paused to revolve the proposition, and then shook his head negatively.

"It appears to me to go a very great way towards proving his innocence," he observed. "The impression upon my own mind has been, that it was not he who took it—as you may have inferred, Mr. Galloway, by my allowing him to retain his post in the cathedral."

"But, sir, if he is innocent, who is guilty?" continued Mr. Galloway, in a tone of remonstrance.

"That is more than I can say," replied the Dean. "But for the circumstances appearing to point so strongly to Arthur Channing, I never could have suspected him at all; a son of Mr. Channing's would have been altogether above suspicion, in my mind; and, as I tell you, for some time I have not believed him to be guilty."

"If he is not guilty—" Mr. Galloway paused; the full force of what he was about to say pressing strongly upon his mind—"if he is not guilty, Mr. Dean, there has been a great deal of injustice done—not only to himself—"

"A great deal of injustice is committed every day, I fear," quietly remarked the Dean.

"Tom Channing will have lost the seniorship for nothing!" went on Mr. Galloway, in a perturbed voice, not so much addressing the Dean, as giving vent to his thoughts aloud.

"Yes," was the answer, spoken calmly, and imparting no token of what might be the Dean's private sentiments upon the point. "You will see to that matter," the Dean continued, referring to his own business there, as he rose from his chair.

"I will not forget it, Mr. Dean," said Mr. Galloway. And he escorted the Dean to the outer door, as was his custom when honored by him with a visit, and bowed him out.

Roland, just then, looked a pattern of industry. He had resumed his seat, after rising in salutation as the Dean passed through the office, and was writing away like a steam-engine. Mr. Galloway returned to his own room, and set himself calmly to consider all the bearings of this curious business. The great bar to his being able fully to regard Arthur as innocent, was the difficulty there existed of fixing upon anybody else as likely to have been guilty. Likely! he might almost have said as *possible* to have been guilty.

"I have a very great mind," he growled to himself, "to send for Butterby, and let him rake it all up again." The uncertainty vexed him, and it seemed as if the affair was never to have an end. "What if I show Arthur Channing the letter first, and study his countenance as he looks at it? I may gather something from that. I don't fancy he'd be an over-good actor, as some might be; if he has sent this money, I shall see it in his face."

Acting upon the moment's impulse, he suddenly opened the door of the outer office, and there found that Mr. Roland's industry had, for the present, come to an end. He was standing before the window, making pantomimic signs through the glass to a friend of his, Knivett. His right thumb was pointed over his shoulder towards the door of Mr. Galloway's private room; no doubt, to indicate a warning that that gentleman was inside it, and that the office, consequently, was not free for promiscuous intruders.—A few sharp words of reprimand to Mr. Roland ensued, and then he was sent off with a message to Arthur Channing.

It brought Arthur back with Roland. Mr. Galloway called Arthur into his own room, closed the door, and put the letter into his hand in silence.

He read it over twice before he could comprehend it; indeed he did not do so fully then. His surprise appeared to be perfectly genuine, and so Mr. Galloway deemed it.

"Has this letter been sent to you, sir? Has any money been sent to you?"

"This has been sent to me," replied Mr. Galloway, tossing to him the twenty-pound note. "Is it the one that was taken, Channing?"

"How can I tell, sir?" said Arthur, in much simplicity.

And Mr. Galloway's long doubts of him began to melt away.

"*You* did not send the money—to clear yourself?"

Arthur looked up in surprise.

"Where should I get twenty pounds from?" he asked. "I shall have a quarter's salary from Mr. Williams, shortly; but it is not quite due yet. And it will not be twenty pounds, or anything like that amount."

Mr. Galloway nodded. It was the thought which had struck himself. Another thought, however, was now striking Arthur; a thought which caused his cheek to flush and his brow to lower. With the word "salary" had arisen to him the remembrance of another's salary, due about this time: that of his brother Hamish. Had Hamish been making this use of it—to take the stigma from him? The idea received additional force from Mr. Galloway's next words—for they bore upon the point.

"This letter is what it purports to be—a missive from the actual thief; or else it comes from some well-wisher of yours, who sacrifices twenty pounds to do you a service.—Which is it?"

Mr. Galloway fixed his eyes on Arthur's face, and could not help noting the change which had come over it, over his manner altogether. The open candor was gone; and in its place reigned the covert look, the hesitating manner, the confusion which had characterized him at the period of the loss.

"All I can say, sir, is that I know nothing of this," he presently said. "It has surprised me as much as it can surprise any one."

"Channing!" impulsively exclaimed Mr. Galloway, "your manner and your words are in opposition, as they were at the time.—The one gives the lie to the other. But I begin to believe you did not take it."

"I did not," returned Arthur.

"And therefore—as I don't like to be played with and made sport of, like a cat tormenting a mouse—I think I shall give orders to Butterby for a fresh investigation."

It startled Arthur. The curiously significant tone of Mr. Galloway, his piercing gaze upon his face, also startled him.

"It would bring no satisfaction, sir," he said. "Pray do not. I would far rather continue to bear the blame."

A pause. A new idea came glimmering into the mind of Mr. Galloway.

"Whom are you screening?" he asked.

But he received no answer.

"Is it Roland Yorke?"

"Roland Yorke!" repeated Arthur, half reproachfully. "No, indeed! I wish everybody had been as innocent of it as was Roland Yorke."

In good truth, Mr. Galloway had only mentioned Roland's name as coming uppermost in his mind. He knew that there was no suspicion attaching to Roland. Arthur resumed, in agitation—

"Let the matter drop, sir. Indeed, it will be better. It appears now that you have the money back again; and, for the rest, I am willing to take the blame, as I have done."

"If I have the money back again, I have not other things back again," crossly repeated Mr. Galloway. "There's the loss of time it has occasioned, the worry, the uncertainty; who is to repay me all that?"

"My portion in it has been worse than yours, sir," said Arthur, in a low, deep tone. "Think of my loss of time, my worry and uncertainty; my loss of character, my anxiety of mind; they can never be repaid to me."

"And whose the fault? If you were truly innocent, you might have cleared yourself with a word."

Arthur knew he might. But that word he had not dared to speak. At this juncture Roland Yorke appeared.

"Here's Jenner's old clerk come in, sir," said he to his master. "He wants to see yourself, he says."

"He can come in," replied Mr. Galloway. "Are you getting on with that copying?" he added, to Arthur, as the latter was going out.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, whom Roland Yorke designated as "Jenner's old clerk," was shut in with Mr. Galloway; and Roland who appeared to be on the thorns of curiosity, arrested Arthur.

"I say, what is it that's agate? He has been going into fits, pretty near, over some letter that came, asking me five hundred questions about it. What have you got to do with it? What does he want with you?"

"Somebody has been sending him the money back, Roland. It came in a letter."

Roland opened his eyes.

"What money?"

"The money that was lost. A twenty-pound note has come. He asked me whether it was the veritable note that was taken."

"A twenty-pound note come!" repeated puzzled Roland.

"It's true, Roland. It purports to be sent by the taker of the money for the purpose of clearing me."

Roland stood for a few moments, profound surprise on his face, and then began to execute a hornpipe of triumph amid the desks and stools of the office.

"I said it would come right some time, over and over again, I did! Give us your hand, old fellow! He's not such a bad trump, after all, that thief!"

"Hush, Roland! you'll be heard. It may not do me much good. Galloway seems to doubt me still."

"Doubt you still?" cried Roland, stopping short in his dance, and speaking in a very explosive tone. "Doubt you *still!* Why, what would he have?"

"I don't know," sighed Arthur. "I have assured him I did not send it, but he fancies I may have done it to whiten myself. He talks of calling in Butterby again."

"My opinion, then, is, that he wants to be transported, if he is to turn up such a heathen as that!" stamped Roland. "What would he have, I ask? Another twenty given him for interest? Arthur, dear old fellow, let's go off together to Port Natal, and leave him and his office to it! I'll find the means, if I rob his cash-box to get them!"

But Arthur was already beyond hearing, having waved his adieu to Roland Yorke and his impetuous but warm-hearted championship. Anxious to get on with the task he had undertaken, he hastened home. Constance was in the hall when he entered, having just returned from Lady Augusta Yorke's.

His confidant throughout, his gentle soother and supporter, his ever ready adviser, Arthur drew her into one of the rooms, and acquainted her with what had occurred. A look of terror rose to her face, as she listened.

"Hamish has done it!" she uttered, in a whisper. "This puts all doubt at an end. There are times—there have been times"—she burst into tears as she spoke—"when I have fondly tried to cheat myself that we were suspecting him wrongfully. Arthur, others suspect him."

Arthur's face caught the same look that was upon hers.

"I trust not!"

"But they do. Ellen Huntley has dropped an inadvertent word which convinced me he is in some way doubted there. She caught it up again in evident alarm, ere it was well spoken; and I dared not pursue the subject. It is Hamish who has sent this money."

"You speak confidently, Constance."

"Listen. I know that he has drawn money—papa's salary and his own: he mentioned it incidentally. A few days ago I asked him for money for housekeeping purposes, and he handed me a twenty-pound note, in mistake for a five pound. He discovered the mistake before I did, and snatched it back again in some confusion.

"'I can't give you that,' he said, in a laughing manner, when he recovered himself. 'That has a different destination.' Arthur! that note, rely upon it, was going to Mr. Galloway."

"When was this?" asked Arthur.

"Last week. Three or four days ago."

Trifling as the incident was, it seemed to bear out their suspicions, and Arthur could only come to the same conclusion that his sister did: the thought had already crossed him, you remember.

"Do not let it pain you thus, Constance," he said, as her tears fell fast. "He may not call in Butterby. Your grieving will do no good."

"I cannot help it," she exclaimed, with a burst of anguish. "How God is trying us!"

Ay! like as the silver, which must be seven times purified, ere it be sufficiently refined.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DARK CLOUDS.

Constance Channing sat, her forehead buried in her hands. *How God was trying them!* The sentence, wrung from her in the bitterness of her heart, but expressed the echo of surrounding things. Her own future blighted; Arthur's character gone; Tom lost the seniorship; Charley not heard of, dead or alive! There were moments, and this was one, when Constance felt almost beyond the pale of hope. The college school, meanwhile, existed in a state of constant suspense, the sword of terror ever hanging over its head. Punishment for the present was reserved; and what the precise punishment would be when it came, none could tell. Talkative Bywater was fond of saying that it did not matter whether Miss Charley turned up or not, so far as their backs were concerned; *they* would be made to tingle, either way.

Arthur, after communicating to Constance the strange fact of the return of the money to Mr. Galloway, shut himself in the study to pursue his copying. It was the tea hour, and Sarah brought in the things. But neither Hamish nor Tom had come in, and Constance sat alone, deep in her unpleasant thoughts.

That it was Hamish who had now returned the money to Mr. Galloway, Constance could not entertain the slightest doubt. It had a very depressing effect upon her. It could not render worse what had previously happened; indeed, it rather mended it, inasmuch as that it served to evince some repentance, some good feeling; but it made the suspicion against Hamish a certainty; and there had been times when Constance had been beguiled into thinking it only a suspicion. And now came this new fear of Mr. Butterby again.

Hamish's own footstep in the hall. Constance roused herself. He came in, books under his arm, as usual, and his ever gay face smiling. There were times when Constance nearly despised him for his perpetual sunshine. The seriousness which had overspread Hamish at the time Charley's disappearance had nearly worn away. In his sanguine temperament, he argued that the not finding the corpse was a proof that Charley was alive yet, and would come forth in some mysterious manner one of these days.

"Have I kept you waiting tea, Constance?" began he. "I came home by way of Close Street, and was called into Galloways by Roland Yorke, and then got detained further by Mr. Galloway. Where's Arthur?"

"He has undertaken some copying for Mr. Galloway, and is busy with it," replied Constance, in a low tone. "Hamish!" raising her eyes to his face, as she took a resolution to speak of the affair, "have you heard what has happened?"

"That some benignant fairy has forwarded a bank-note to Galloway on the wings of the telegraph? Roland Yorke would not allow me to remain in ignorance of that. Mr. Galloway did me the honor to ask whether I had sent it."

"You!" uttered Constance, regarding the avowal only from her own point of view. "He asked whether *you* had sent it?"

"He did."

She gazed at Hamish as if she would read his very soul.

"And what did—what did you answer?"

"Told him I wished a few others would suspect me of the same, and count imaginary payments for real ones."

"Hamish!" she exclaimed, the complaint wrung from her, "how can you be so light, so cruel, when our hearts are breaking?"

Hamish in turn was surprised at this.

"I, cruel! In what manner, Constance? My dear, I repeat to you that we shall have Charley back. I feel sure of it; and it has done away with my fear. Some inward conviction, or instinct—you may call it which you like—tells me that we shall; and I implicitly trust to it. We need not mourn for him."

"It is not for Charley; I do not speak of Charley now," she sadly reiterated. "You are straying from the point. Hamish, have you *no* love left for Arthur?"

"I have plenty of love for everybody," said Mr. Hamish.

"Then *how* can you behave like this? Arthur is not guilty; you know he is not. And look what he has to bear! I believe you would laugh at the greatest calamity! The sending back this money to Mr. Galloway has—has—sadly distressed me!"

Hamish turned his smiling eyes upon her, but his tone was grave.

"Wait until some great calamity occurs, Constance, and then see whether I laugh. Did I laugh that dreadful night and day that succeeded to the loss of Charley? The sending back the money to Mr. Galloway is not a cause for sadness. It most certainly exonerates Arthur."

"And you are gay over it!" She would have given anything to speak more plainly.

"I am particularly gay this afternoon," acknowledged Hamish, who could not be put out of temper by any amount of reproach whatever. "I have had great news by the post, Constance."

"From Germany?" she quickly cried.

"Yes, from Germany," he answered, taking a letter from his pocket, and spreading it open before Constance.

It contained the bravest news; great news, as Hamish expressed it. It was from Mr. Channing himself, and it told them he was so far restored that there was no doubt now of his being able to resume his own place in the office. They intended to be home the first week in November. The weather at Borcette continued warm and charming, and they would prolong their stay there to the full time contemplated, and enjoy the benefit of it. It had been a fine autumn everywhere. There was a postscript added to the letter, as if an afterthought had occurred to Mr. Channing:—

"When you see Mr. Huntley, tell him how well I am progressing. I remember, by the way, that he hinted at being able to introduce you to something, should I no longer require you at Guild Street."

In the glad delight that the news brought, Constance lost sight partially of her sadness.

"It is not all gloom," she whispered to herself. "If we could but dwell on God's mercies as we do on His chastisements; if we could but feel more trust, we should see the bright side of the cloud oftener than we do."

But it was dark; dark in many ways, and Constance was soon to be reminded again of it forcibly. She had taken her seat at the tea-table, when Tom came in. He looked flushed—stern; and he threw his Gradus and one or two other books in a lump on the side table, with more force than was necessary; and flung himself into a chair, ditto.

"Constance, I shall leave the school!"

Constance dropped the sugar-tongs amidst the sugar in her dismay.

"What, Tom?"

"I shall leave the school," he repeated, his tone as fiery as his face. "I'd not stop in it another month if I were bribed with gold. Things are getting too bad there."

"Oh, Tom, Tom! Is this your endurance?"

"Endurance!" he exclaimed. "That's a nice word in theory, Constance; but just you try it in practice! Who has endured, if I have not? I thought I'd go on and endure it, as you say; at any rate, until papa came home. But I can't—I can't!"

"What has happened more than usual?" inquired Hamish.

"It gets worse and worse," said Tom, turning his blazing face upon his brother. "I'd not wish a dog to live the life that I live in the college school. They call me a felon, and treat me as one; they send me to Coventry; they won't acknowledge me as one of the seniors. My position is unbearable."

"Live it down, Tom," said Hamish, quietly.

"Haven't I been trying to live it down?" returned the boy, suppressing his emotion. "It has lasted now these two months, and I have borne it daily. At the time of Charley's loss, I was treated better for a day or two, but that has worn away. It is of no use your looking at me reproachfully, Constance; I *must* complain. What other boy in the world has ever been put down as I? I was the head of the school, next to Gaunt; looking forward to be the head; and what am I now? The seniorship taken from me in shame; Huntley exalted to my place; my chance of the exhibition gone—"

"Huntley does not take the exhibition," interrupted Constance.

"But Yorke will. *I* shan't be allowed to get it. Now I know it, Constance, and the school knows it. Let a fellow once go down, and he's kept down: every dog has a fling at him. The seniorship's gone, the exhibition is going. I might bear that tamely, you might say; and of course I might, for they are negative evils: but what I can't and won't bear are the insults of every-day life. Only this afternoon, they—"

Tom stopped, for his feelings were choking him; and the complaint he was about to relate was never spoken. Before he had gathered breath and calmness, Arthur entered and took his seat at the tea-table. Poor Tom, allowing one of his unfortunate explosions of temper to get the better of him, sprung from his chair and burst forth with a passionate reproach to Arthur, whom he regarded as the author of all the ill.

"Why did you do it? Why did you bring this disgrace upon us? But for you, I should not have lost caste in the school."

"Tom!" interposed Hamish, in a severe tone.

Mr. Tom, brave college boy that he was—manly, as he coveted to be deemed—actually burst into tears. Tears called forth, not by contrition; but by remembered humiliation, by vexation, by the moment's passion. Never had Tom cast a reproach openly to Arthur; whatever he may have felt, he buried it within himself: but that his opinion vacillated upon the point of Arthur's guilt was certain. Constance went up to him, and laid her hand gently and soothingly upon his shoulder.

"Tom, dear boy, your troubles are making you forget yourself. Do not be unjust to Arthur. He is innocent as you."

"Then if he is innocent, why does he not speak out like a man, and proclaim his innocence?" retorted Tom, sensibly enough, but with rather too much heat. "That's what the school cast in my teeth more than anything again. 'Don't preach up your brother's innocence to us!' they cry; 'if he did not take it, wouldn't he say so?' Look at Arthur now"—and Tom pointed his finger at him—"he does not, even here, to me, assert that he is innocent."

Arthur's face burnt under the reproach. He turned it upon Hamish, with a gesture almost as fiery, quite as hasty, as any that had been vouchsafed them by Tom. Plainly as look could speak, it said, "Will *you* suffer this injustice to be heaped upon me?" Constance saw the look, and she quitted Tom with a faint cry, and bent over Arthur, afraid of what truth he might give utterance to.

"Patience yet, Arthur!" she whispered. "Do not let a moment's anger undo the work of weeks. Remember how bravely you have borne."

"Ay! Heaven forgive my pride! Tom," Arthur added, turning to him calmly, "I would clear you—or rather clear myself—in the eyes of the school if I could; but it is impossible. However you have less to blame me for than you may deem."

Hamish advanced. He caught the arm of Tom and drew him to a distant window.

"Now, lad," he said, "let me hear all about this bugbear. I'll see if it can be in any way lightened for you."

Hamish's tone was kindly, his manner frank and persuasive, and Tom was won over to speak of his troubles. Hamish listened with an attentive ear.

"Will you abide by my advice?" he asked him, when the catalogue of grievances had come to an end.

"Perhaps I will," replied Tom, who was growing cool after his heat.

"Then, as I said to you before, so I say now, *Live it down.* It is the best advice I can give you."

"Hamish, you don't know what it is!"

"Yes, I do. I can enter into your trials and annoyances as keenly as if I had to en-

counter them. I do not affect to disparage them to you; I know that they are real trials, real insults; but if you will only make up your mind to bear them, they will lose half their sharpness. Your interest lies in remaining in the college school; more than that, your duty lies in it. Tom, don't let it be said that a Channing shrunk from his duty because it brought him difficulties."

"I don't think I can stop in it, Hamish. I'd rather stand in a pillory and have rotten eggs cast at me."

"Yes, you can. In fact, my boy, for the present you *must*. Disobedience has never been a fault among us, and I am sure you will not be the one to inaugurate it. Your father left me in charge, in his place, with full control; and I cannot sanction any such measure as that of your quitting the school. In less than a month's time he will be home, and you can then submit the case to him and abide by his advice."

With all Tom's faults, he was not rebellious, neither was he unreasonable; and he made up his mind, not without some grumbling, to do as Hamish desired him. He drew his chair with a jerk to the tea-table, which of course there was no necessity for. I told you that the young Channings, admirably as they had been brought up, had their faults; like you have yours, and I have mine.

It was a silent meal. Annabel, who was wont to keep them alive, whatever might be their troubles, had remained to tea at Lady Augusta Yorke's, with Caroline and Fanny. Had Constance known that she was in the habit of thoughtlessly chattering upon any subject that came uppermost, including poor Charley's propensity to be afraid of ghosts, she had allowed her to remain with them more charily. Hamish took a book and read, eating his bread-and-butter absently. Arthur only made a show of taking anything, and soon left them, to resume his employment; Tom did not even make a show of it, but unequivocally rejected all good things. "How could he be hungry?" he asked, when Constance pressed him. An unsocial meal it was—as unpleasant nearly as were their inward thoughts. They felt for Tom, in the midst of their graver griefs; but they were all at cross purposes together, and they knew it; therefore they could only retain an uncomfortable reticence one with another. Tom laid the blame to the share of Arthur; Arthur and Constance to the share of Hamish. To whom Hamish laid it, was only known to himself.

He, Hamish, rose as the tea-things were carried away. He was preparing for a visit to Mr. Huntley's. His visits there, as already remarked, had not been frequent of late. He had discovered that he was not welcome to Mr. Huntley. And Hamish Channing was not one to thrust his company upon any one: even the attraction of Ellen could not induce that. But it is very probable that he was glad of the excuse Mr. Channing's letter afforded him to go thither now.

He found Miss Huntley alone; a tall, stiff lady, who always looked as if she were cased in whalebone. She generally regarded Hamish with some favor, which was saying a great deal for Miss Huntley.

"You are quite a stranger here," she remarked to him as he entered.

"I think I am," replied Hamish. "Mr. Huntley is still in the dining-room, I hear?"

"Mr. Huntley is," said the lady, speaking as if the fact did not give her pleasure, though Hamish could not conceive for why. "My niece has chosen to remain with him," she added, in a tone which denoted displeasure. "I am quite *tired* of talking to her! I tell her this is proper, and the other is improper, and she goes and mixes up my advice together in the most extraordinary way; leaving alone what she ought to do, and doing what I tell her she ought not! Only this very morning I read her a sermon upon 'Propriety, and the fitness of things.' It took me just an hour—an hour by my watch, I assure you, Mr. Hamish Channing!—and what is the result? I retired from the dinner-table precisely ten minutes after the removal of the cloth, according to my invariable custom; and Ellen, in defiance of my warning her that it is not lady-like, stays there behind me! 'I have not eaten my grapes yet, aunt,' she says to me. And there she stays, just to talk with her father. And he encourages her! What will become of Ellen, I cannot imagine; she will never be a lady!"

"It's very sad!" repeated Hamish, coughing down a laugh, and putting on the gravest face he could call up.

"Sad!" repeated Miss Huntley, who sat perfectly upright, her hands, cased in mittens, crossed upon her lap. "It is *grievous*, Mr. Hamish Channing! She—what do you think she did only yesterday? One of our maids was going to be married, and a dispute, or some unpleasantness, occurred between her and the intended husband. Would you believe that Ellen actually wrote a letter for the girl (a poor ignorant thing, who never learnt to read, let alone to write, but an excellent servant) to this man, that things might be smoothed between them? My niece, Miss Ellen Huntley, lowering herself to write a—a—I can scarcely allow my tongue to utter the word, Mr. Hamish—a love-letter!"

Miss Huntley lifted her eyes, and her mittens. Hamish expressed himself inexpressibly shocked, inwardly wishing he could get Miss Ellen Huntley to write a few to him!

"And I get no sympathy from any one!" pursued Miss Huntley; "none! I spoke to my brother, and he could not see that she had done anything wrong in writing, or pretended that he could not. Oh, dear! how things are altered from what they were when I was a young girl! Then—"

"My master says, will you please to walk into the dining-room, sir?" interrupted a servant at this juncture. And Hamish rose and followed him.

Mr. Huntley was alone. Hamish threw his glance to the various parts of the room, but Ellen was not in it. The meeting was not very cordial on Mr. Huntley's side.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired, as he shook hands. Which was sufficient to imply coldly, "You must have come to my house for some particular purpose. What is it?"

But Hamish could not lose his sunny temperament, his winning manner.

"I bring you great news, Mr. Huntley. We have heard from Borcette, and the improvement in my father's health is so great, that all doubts as to the result are over."

"I said it would be so," replied Mr. Huntley.

Some little time they continued talking, and then Hamish mentioned the matter alluded to in the postscript of the letter.

"Is it correct that you will be able to help me to something," he inquired, "when my father shall resume his own place in Guild Street?"

"It is correct that I told your father so," answered Mr. Huntley. "I thought then that I could."

"And is the situation gone? I assume that it was a situation."

"It is not gone. The post will not be vacant until the beginning of the year. Have you heard that there is to be a change in the joint stock bank?"

"No," replied Hamish, looking up with much interest.

"Mr. Bartlett leaves. He is getting in years, his health is failing him, and he wishes to retire. As one of the largest shareholders in the bank, I shall possess the largest voice in the appointment of a successor, and I had thought of you. Indeed, I have no objection to say that there is not the slightest doubt you would have been appointed; otherwise, I should not have spoken confidently to Mr. Channing."

It was an excellent post; there was no doubt of that. The bank was not an extensive one; it was not the principal bank of Helstonleigh; but it was a firmly established, thoroughly respectable concern, and Mr. Bartlett, who had been its manager for many years, enjoyed desirable privileges, and a handsome salary. A far larger salary than was Mr. Channing's. The dwelling-house, a good one, attached to the bank, was used as his residence, and would be, when he left, the residence of his successor.

"I should like it of all things!" cried Hamish.

"So would many a one, young sir, who is in a better position than you," dryly answered Mr. Huntley. "I thought you might have filled it."

"Can I not, sir?"

"No."

Hamish did not expect the answer. He looked inquiringly at Mr. Huntley.

"Why can I not?"

"Because I cannot now recommend you to it," was the reply.

"But why not?" exclaimed Hamish.

"When I spoke of you as becoming Mr. Bartlett's successor, I believed you would be found worthy to fulfill his duties."

"I can fulfill them," said Hamish.

"Possibly. But so much doubt has arisen upon that point in my own mind, that I can no longer recommend you for it. In fact, I could not sanction your appointment."

"What have I done?" inquired Hamish.

"Ask your conscience. If that does not tell you plainly enough, I shall not."

"My conscience accuses me of nothing that need render me unfit to fill the post, and to perform my duties in it, Mr. Huntley."

"I think otherwise. But to pursue the subject will be productive of no benefit, so we will let it drop. I would have secured you the appointment, could I have done so conscientiously, but I cannot; and the matter is at an end."

"At least you can tell me why you will not?" said Hamish, speaking with some sarcasm, in the midst of his respect.

"I have already declined. Ask your own conscience, Hamish."

"The worst criminal has a right to know his accusation, Mr. Huntley. Otherwise, he cannot defend himself."

"It will be time enough for you to defend yourself when you are publicly accused. I shall say no more upon the point. I am sorry your father mentioned the thing to you, necessitating this explanation, so far; I have also been sorry for having ever mentioned it to him. My worst explanation will be with your father, for I cannot enter into cause and effect, any more than I can to you."

"I have for some little time been conscious of a change in your mind towards me, Mr. Huntley."

"Ay—no doubt."

"Sir, you *ought* to tell me what has caused it. I might explain away any prejudice or wrong impression—"

"There, that will do," interrupted Mr. Huntley. "It is neither prejudice nor wrong impression that I have taken up. And now I have said the last word upon the matter that I shall say."

"But, sir—"

"No more, I say!" peremptorily interrupted Mr. Huntley. "The subject is over. Let us talk of other things. I need not ask whether you have news of poor Charley; you would have informed me of that at once. You see, I was right in advising silence to be kept towards them. All this time of suspense would have told badly on Mr. Channing."

Hamish rose to leave. He had done little good, it appeared, by his visit; certainly, he could not wish to prolong it.

"There was an unsealed scrap of paper slipped inside my father's letter," he said. "It was from my mother to Charley. This is it."

It appeared to have been written hastily—perhaps from a sudden thought at the moment of Mr. Channing's closing his letter. Mr. Huntley took it in hand.

"My dear little Charley,—How is it you do not write to mamma? Not a message from you now; not a letter! I am sure you are not forgetting me."

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Mr. Huntley, handing it back to Hamish. "Poor mother!"

"I did not show it to Constance," observed Hamish. "It would only distress her. Good night, sir. By the way," added Hamish, turning as he reached the door, "Mr. Galloway has got that money back again."

"What money?" cried Mr. Huntley.

"That which is lost. A twenty-pound note came to him in a letter by this afternoon's post. The letter states that Arthur, and all others who may have been accused, are innocent."

"Oh, indeed?" cried Mr. Huntley, with cutting sarcasm, as the conviction flashed over him that Hamish, and no other, had been the sender. "The thief has come to his senses at last, has he? So far as to render tame justice to Arthur."

Hamish left the room. The hall had not yet been lighted, and Hamish could hardly see the outline of a form crossing it from the staircase to the drawing-room. *He* knew whose it was, and he caught hold of it.

"Ellen," he whispered, "what has turned your father against me?"

Of course she could not enlighten him; she could not say to Hamish Channing, "He suspects you of being a thief." Her whole spirit would have revolted from that, as much as it did from the accusation. The subject was a painful one; she was flurried at the sudden meeting—the stealthy meeting, it may be said; and—she burst into tears.

I am quite afraid to say what Mr. Hamish did, this being a sober story. When he left the hall, Ellen Huntley's cheeks were glowing, and certain sweet words were ringing changes on her ears.

"Ellen! they shall never take you from me!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MUFFINS FOR TEA!

A week or two passed by, and November was rapidly approaching. Things remained precisely as they were at the close of the last chapter; nothing fresh had occurred; no change had taken place. Tom Channing's remark, though much cannot be said for its elegance, was indisputable in point of truth—that when a fellow was down, he was kept down, and every dog had a fling at him. It was being exemplified in the case of Arthur. The money, so mysteriously conveyed to Mr. Galloway, had proved of little service towards clearing him; in fact, it had the contrary effect; and people openly expressed their opinion that it had come from himself or his friends. He was *down:* and it would take more than that to lift him up again. Mr. Galloway kept his thoughts to himself, or had put them into his cash-box with the note, for he said nothing. Roland Yorke did not imitate his example; he was nearly as explosive over the present matter as he had been over the loss. It would have pleased him that Arthur should be announced innocent by public proclamation. Roland was in a most explosive frame of mind on another score, and that was the confinement to the office. In reality, he was not overworked; for Arthur managed to get through a good amount of it at his home, which he took in regularly, morning after morning, to Mr. Galloway. Roland, however, thought he was, and his dissatisfaction was becoming unbearable. I do not think that Roland *could* have done a hard day's work. To sit steadily to it for only a couple of hours appeared to be an absolute impossibility to his restless temperament. He must look off; he must talk; he must yawn; he must tilt his stool; he must take a slight interlude at balancing the ruler on his nose, or at other similar recreative and intellectual amusements; but apply himself in earnest he could not. Therefore there was little fear of Mr. Roland's being overcome with the amount of work. But what told upon Roland was the confinement—I don't mean upon his health, you know, but his temper. It had happened many a day since Jenkins's absence, that Roland had never stirred from the office, except to get his dinner. He must be there in good time in the morning—at the frightfully early hour of nine—and he often did not get released till six. When he went to his dinner at one, Mr. Galloway would say, "You must be back in half an hour, Yorke; I may have to go out." Once or twice he had not gone to his dinner till two or three o'clock, and then he was half dead with hunger. All this chafed poor Roland nearly beyond endurance; had he been a bottle of soda-water, he would have gone off with a burst.

Another cause was rendering Roland's life not the most peaceful one. He was beginning to be seriously dunned for money. Careless in that, as he was in other things, improvident as was ever Lady Augusta, Roland rarely paid till he was compelled. A very good hand was he at contracting debts, but a bad one at liquidating them. Roland did not intend to be dishonest. Were all his creditors standing around him, and a roll of banknotes before him, he would freely have paid the lot; very probably, in his open-heartedness, have made each creditor a present, over and above, for "their trouble." But, failing the roll of notes, he only staved off the difficulties in the best way he could, and grew cross and ill tempered on being applied to.—His chief failing was in his impulsive thoughtlessness. Often, when he had teased or worried Lady Augusta out of money, to satisfy a debt for which he was being pressed, that very money would be expended in some passing folly, arising with the impulse of the moment, before it had had time to reach the creditor. There are too many like Roland Yorke.

Roland was late in the office one Monday evening, he and a lamp sharing it between them. He was in a terrible temper, and sat kicking his feet on the floor, as if the noise for it might be heard in the street, would while away the time. He had nothing to do; the writing he had been about was positively finished; but he had to stop in, waiting for Mr. Galloway, who had gone out, but had not left the office for the evening. He would have given the whole world to take the pipe out of his pocket and begin to smoke; but that pastime was so firmly forbidden in the office, that even Roland dared not disobey.

"There goes six of 'em!" he uttered, as the near cathedral clock rang out the hour, and his boots threatened to stave in the floor. "If I stand this life much longer, I'll be shot—It's enough to take the spirit out of a fellow; to wear his flesh off his bones; to afflict him with nervous fever. What an idiot I was to let my lady mother put me here! Better have stuck to those musty old lessons at school, and gone for a soldier! Why can't Jenkins get well, and come back? He's shirking it, that's my belief. And why can't Galloway get Arthur back? He might, if he pressed it? Talk of solitary confinement driving prisoners mad at their precious model prisons, what else is this? I wish I could go mad for a week, if old Galloway might be punished for it! It's worse than any prison, this office! At four o'clock he went out, and now it's six, and I have not had a blessed soul put his nose inside the door to say 'How are ye getting on?' I'm a regular prisoner, and nothing else! Why doesn't he put shackles on my legs? Why doesn't he—"

The complaint was cut short by the entrance of Mr. Galloway. Unconscious of the rebellious feelings of his clerk, he passed through the office to his own room, Roland's rat tat-to having ceased at his appearance.—To find Roland drumming on the floor with his feet was nothing unusual—rather moderate for him; Mr. Galloway *had* found him doing it with his head. Two or three minutes elapsed, and Mr. Galloway came out again.

"You can shut up, Roland. And then take these letters to the post. Put the desks straight first; what a mess you get them in! Is that will engrossed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Be here in time in the morning. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," responded Roland.—"Yes, it's all very fine," he went on, as he opened the desks, and shoved everything in with his two hands, indiscriminately, *en masse*, which was *his* way of putting things straight. "'Be here in time!' Of course!—No matter what time I am let off the previous evening. If I stand this long—"

Roland finished his sentence by an emphatic turn of the key of the office-door, which expressed quite as much as words could have done; for he was already out of the room, his hat on his head, and the letters in his hand. Calling out lustily for the housekeeper, he flung the key to her, and bounded off in the direction of the post-office.

His way lay past Mrs. Jenkins's shop, which the maid had, for the hour, been left to attend to. She was doing it from a leaf taken out of Roland's own book—standing outside the door, and gazing all ways. It struck Roland that he could not do better than pay Jenkins a visit, just to ascertain how long he meant to absent himself. In he darted, with his usual scant hesitation, and went on to the parlor. There was no hurry for the letters; the post did not close till nine.

The little parlor, dark by day, looked very comfortable now. A bright fire, a bright lamp, and a well-spread tea table, at which Mrs. Jenkins sat. More comfortable than Jenkins himself did, who lay back in his easy chair, white and wan, meekly enjoying a lecture from his wife. He started from it at the appearance of Roland, bowing in his usual humble fashion, and smiling a glad smile of welcome.

"I say, Jenkins, I have come to know how long you mean to leave us to ourselves?" was Roland's greeting. "It's too bad, you know. How d'ye do, Mrs. Jenkins? Don't you look snug here? It's a nasty, cutting night, and I have got to tramp all the way to the post-office."

Free and easy Roland drew a chair forward on the opposite side of the hearth to Jenkins, Mrs. Jenkins and her good things being in the middle, and warmed his hands over the blaze.

"Ugh!" he shivered, "I can't bear these keen, easterly winds. It's fine to be you, Jenkins! basking by a blazing fire, and junketing upon plates of buttered muffins!"

"Would you please to condescend to take a cup of tea with us, sir?" was Jenkins's answer. "It is just ready."

"I don't care if I do," said Roland.—"There's nothing I like better than buttered muffins. We get them sometimes at home: but there's so many to eat at our house, before a plate is well in, a dozen hands are snatching at it, and it's emptied. Lady Augusta knows no more of comfort than a cow, and will have the whole tribe of young ones in to meals."

"You'll find these muffins different from what you get at home," said Mrs. Jenkins, in her curt, snappish, but really not inhospitable way, as she handed the muffins to Roland.—"I know what it is when things are left to servants, as they are at your place; they turn out uneatable—soddened things, with rancid butter put on 'um, nine times out of ten, instead of good, wholesome fresh. Servants' cooking won't do for Jenkins now, and it never did for me."

"These are good, though!" exclaimed Roland, eating away with intense satisfaction.—"Have you got any more down stairs? Mrs. Jenkins, don't I wish you could always toast muffins for me! Is that some ham?"

His eyes had caught a small dish of ham, in delicate slices, put there to tempt poor Jenkins. But he was growing beyond such tempting now, for his appetite wholly failed him. It was upon this point he had been undergoing Mrs. Jenkins's displeasure when Roland interrupted them. The question led to an excellent opportunity for the renewing of the grievance, and she was too pertinent a diplomatist to let it slip. Catching hold of the dish, and leaving her chair, she held it out underneath the eyes of Roland.

"Young Mr. Yorke, do you see anything the matter with that ham? Please to tell me."

"I see that it looks uncommon good," replied Roland.

"Do you hear?" sharply ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins, turning short round upon her husband.

"My dear, I never said a word but what it was good; I never had any other thought," returned he, with deprecation. "I only said that I could not eat it. I can't—indeed, I can't! My appetite is gone."

Mrs. Jenkins put the dish down upon the table with a jerk.

"That's how he goes on!" said she to Roland. "It's enough to wear a woman's patience out! I get him muffins, I get him ham, I get him fowls, I get him fish, I get him puddings, I get him every conceivable nicety that I can think of, and not a thing will he touch. All the satisfaction I can get from him is, that 'his stomach turns against food!'"

"I wish I could eat," interposed Jenkins, mildly. "I have tried to do it till I can try no longer. I wish I could."

"Will you take some of this ham, young Mr. Yorke?" she asked. "*He* won't. He wants to know what scarcity of food is!"

"I'll take it all, if you like," said Roland, "if it's going begging."

Mrs. Jenkins accommodated him with a plate and knife and fork, and with some more muffins. Roland did ample justice to the whole, dispatching it down with about six cups of good tea, well sugared and creamed. Jenkins looked on with satisfaction, and Mrs. Jenkins appeared to regard it in the light of a personal compliment to herself, as acting chief of the commissariat department.

"And now," said Roland, turning back to the fire, "when are you coming out again, Jenkins?"

Jenkins coughed—more in hesitation for an answer, than of necessity.

"I am beginning to think, sir, that I shall not get out again at all," he presently said.

"Hallo!h! I say, Jenkins, don't go and talk that rubbish!" was Roland's reply. "You know what I told you once, about the dropsy. I heard of a man that took it into his head to fancy himself dead. And he ordered a coffin, and stopped it for six days, only getting up at night to steal the bread and cheese! His folks couldn't think, at first, where the loaves went to. You'll be fancying the same, if you don't mind!"

"If I could only get a little stronger, sir, instead of weaker, I should soon be at my duty again. I am anxious enough, sir, as you may imagine, for there's my salary, sir, coming to me as usual, and I doing nothing for it."

"It's just this, Jenkins, that if you don't come back speedily, I shall take French leave, and be off some fine morning. I can't stand it much longer. I can't tell you how many blessed hours at a stretch am I in that office with nobody to speak to. I *wish* I was at Port Natal!"

"Sir," said Jenkins, thinking he would say a word of warning, in his kindly spirit, "I have heard that there's nothing more deceptive to the mind than those foreign parts that people flock to when the rage rises for them. Many a man only goes out to starve and die."

"Many a muff, you mean!" returned self-complaisant Roland. "I say, Jenkins, isn't it a shame about Arthur Channing? Galloway has got his money back from the very thief himself, as the letter said, and yet the old grumbler won't speak out like a man, and say, 'Shake hands, old fellow,' and 'I know you are innocent, and come back to the office again.' Arthur would return, if he said that. See if I don't start for Port Natal!"

"I wish Mr. Arthur was back again, sir. It would make me easier."

"He sits, and stews, and frets, and worries his brains about that office, and how it gets on without him!" tartly interposed Mrs. Jenkins. "A sick man can't expect to grow better, if he 'is to pine himself into fiddle-strings!"

"I wish," repeated poor Jenkins, in a dreamy sort of mood, his eyes fixed on the fire, and his thin hands clasped upon his knees, "I do wish Mr. Arthur was back. In a little while he'd quite replace me, and I should not be missed."

"Hear him," uttered Mrs. Jenkins. "That's how he goes on!"

"Well," concluded Roland, rising, and gathering up his letters, which he had deposited upon a side table, "if this is not a nice part of the world to live in, I don't know what is! Arthur Channing kept down under Galloway's shameful injustice; Jenkins making out that working as usual is all over with him; and I driven off my head doing everybody's work? Good night, Jenkins. Good night, Mrs. J. That was a stunning tea! I'll come in again some night, when you have got toasted muffins!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

A CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE.

A keen wind, blowing from the east, was booming through the streets of Helstonleigh, striking pitilessly the eyes and cheeks of the wayfarers, cutting thin forms nearly in two, and taking stout ones off their legs.

Blinded by the sharp dust, giving hard words to the wind, to the cold, to the post-office for not being nearer, to anything and everything, Roland Yorke dashed along, suffering nothing and nobody to impede his progress. He flung the letters into the box at the post-office, when he reached that establishment, and then set off at the same pace back again.

Roland was in a state of inward commotion. He thought himself the most injured, the most hard-worked, the most to be pitied fellow under the sun. The confinement in the office, with the additional work he had to get through there was the chief grievance; and a grievance it really was to one of Roland's temperament. When he had Arthur Channing and Jenkins for his companions in it, to whom he could talk as he pleased, and who did all the work, allowing Roland to do all the play, it had been tolerably bearable; but that state of things was changed, and Roland was feeling that he could bear it no longer.

Another thing that Roland would perhaps be allowed to bear no longer was—immunity from his debts. *They* had grown on him latterly, as much as the work had. Careless Roland saw no way out of that difficulty, any more than he did out of the other, save by an emigration to that desired haven which had stereotyped itself on the retina of his imagination in colors of the brightest fantasy—Port Natal. For its own sake, Roland was hurrying to get to it, as well as that it might be convenient to do so.

"Look here," said he to himself, as he tore along, "even if Carrick were to set me all clear and straight—and I daresay he might, if I told him the bother I am in—where would be the good? It would not forward me. I'd not stop at Galloway's another month to be made into a duke royal. If he'd take back Arthur with honors, and Jenkins came out of his cough and his shadowiness and returned, I don't know but I might do my inclination violence, and remain. I can't, as it is. I should go dead with the worry and the work."

Roland paused, fighting for an instant with a gust of wind and grit. Then he resumed—

"I'd pay the debts if I could; but, if I can't, what am I to do but leave them unpaid? Much better get the money from Carrick to start me off to Port Natal, and set me going there. Then, when I have made enough, I'll send the cash to Arthur, and get him to settle up for me. I don't want to cheat the poor wretches out of their money; I'd rather pay 'em double than do that. Some of them work hard enough to get it: almost as hard as I do at Galloway's; and they have a right to their own. In three months' time after landing, I shall be able to do the thing liberally. I'll make up my mind from to-night, and go: I know it will be all for the best. Besides, there's the other thing."

What the "other thing" might mean, Mr. Roland did not more explicitly state. He came to another pause, and then went on again.

"That's settled. I'll tell my lady to-night, and I'll tell Galloway in the morning; and I'll fix on the time for starting, and be off to London, and see what I can do with Carrick. Let's see! I shall want to take out lots of things. I can get them in London. When Bagshaw went, he told me of about a thousand. I think I dotted them down somewhere: I must look. Rum odds and ends they were: I know frying-pans were among them. Carrick will go with me to buy them, if I ask him; and then he'll pay, if it's only out of politeness. Nobody sticks out for politeness more than Carrick. He—"

Roland's castles in the air were suddenly cut short. He was passing a dark part near the Cathedral, when a rough hand—rough in texture, not in motion—was laid upon his shoulder, and a peculiar piece of paper thrust upon him. The assailant was Hopper, the sheriff's officer.

Roland flew into one of his passions. He divined what it was, perfectly well: nothing less than one of those little mandates from our Sovereign Lady the Queen, which a short while back had perilled Hamish Channing. He repaid Hopper with a specimen of his tongue, and flung the writ back at him.

"Now, sir, where's the good of your abusing me, as if it was my fault?" returned the man, in a tone of reasoning remonstrance.—"I have had it in my pocket this three weeks, Mr. Yorke, and not a day but I could have served it on you: but I'm loth to trouble young gentlemen much as you, as I'm sure many of you in this town could say. I have got into displeasure with our folks about the delay in this very paper, and—in short, sir, I have not done it till I was obliged."

"You old preacher!" foamed Roland, "I have not tipped you with half a crown lately, and therefore you can see me!"

"Mr. Yorke," said the man, earnestly, "if you had filled my hands with half crowns yesterday, I must have done this to-day. I tell you, sir, I have got into a row with our people over it; and it's the truth. Why don't you, sir—if I may presume to give advice—tell out your little embarrassments to your mother, the Lady Augusta? She'd be sure to see you through them."

"How dare you mention the Lady Augusta to me?" thundered haughty Roland. "Is it fitting that the Lady Augusta's name should be bandied in such transactions as these? Do you think I don't know what's due to her, better than that? If I have got into embarrassment, I shall not drag my mother into it."

"Well, sir, you know best. I did not mean to offend you, but the contrary. Mind, Mr. Roland Yorke!" added Hopper pointing to the writ, which still lay where it had been flung, "you can leave it there if you choose, sir, but I have served it upon you."

Hopper went his way. Roland caught up the paper, tore it to pieces with his strong hand, and tossed them after the man. The wind took up the quarters, and scattered the pieces indiscriminately to the four compasses. Roland strode on.

"What a mercy that there's a Port Natal to be off to!" was his comment.

Things were not particularly promising at home, when Roland entered, looking at them in a quiet, sociable point of view. Lady Augusta was spending the evening at the deanery, and the children, from Gerald downwards, were turning the general parlor into a bear-garden. Romping, quarrelling, shouting and screaming, they were really as unrestrained as so many young bears. It would often be no better when Lady Augusta was at home. How Gerald and Tod contrived to do their lessons amidst it, was a marvel to everybody. Roland administered a few cuffs, to enjoin silence, and then went out again, he did not much care where. His feet took him to the house of his friend, Kalvett, with whom he spent a pleasant evening, the topics of conversation turning chiefly upon the glo-

ries of Port Natal, and Roland's recent adventure with Hopper. Had anything been wanted to put the finishing touch to Roland's resolution, that little adventure would have supplied it.

It was past ten when he returned home.—The noisy throng had dispersed then, all save Gerald. Gerald had just accomplished his tasks, and was now gracefully enjoying a little repose before the fire; his head on the back of my lady's low embroidered chair, and his feet extended on either hob.

"What's for suppper?" asked Roland, turning his eyes on the cloth, which bore traces that a party, and not a scrupulously tidy one, had already partaken of that meal.

"Bones," said Gerald.

"Bones?" echoed Roland.

"Bones," rejoined Gerald. "They made a show of broiling some, down stairs, but they took good care to cut off the meat first. Where all the meat goes to, in this house, I can't think. If a good half of the leg of mutton didn't go down from dinner to-day, I possessed no eyes."

"They are not going to put me off with bones," said Roland, ringing the bell.—"When a man's worked within an inch of his life, he must eat. Martha,"—when the maid appeared—"I want some supper."

"There's no meat in the house, sir. There were some broiled bo—"

"You may eat the bones yourself," interrupted Roland. "I never saw such a house as this! Loads of provisions come into it, and yet there's rarely anything to be had when it's wanted. You must go and order me some oysters. Get four dozen. I am famished. If I hadn't had a substantial tea supplied me out of charity, I should be fainting before this! It's a shame! I wonder my lady puts up with you two incapable servants."

"There are no oysters to be had at this time, Mr. Roland," returned Martha, who was accustomed to these interludes, touching the housekeeping. "The shop shuts up at ten."

Roland beat on the floor with the heel of his boot. Then he turned round fiercely to Martha.

"Is there *nothing* in the house that's eatable?"

"There's an apple pie, sir."

"Bring that, then. And while I am going into it, the cook can do me some eggs and ham."

Gerald had turned round at this, angry in his turn.

"If there's an apple pie, Martha, why could you not have produced it for our supper? You know we were obliged to put up with cheese and butter!"

"The cook told me not to bring it up, Master Gerald. My lady gave no orders.—Cook says if she made ten pies a day, they'd get eaten, once you young gentlemen know of their being in the house."

"Well?" said Gerald. "She doesn't provide them out of her pocket."

Roland paid his court to the apple pie, Gerald joining him. After it was finished, they kept the cook employed some time with the eggs and ham. Then Gerald, who had to be up betimes for morning school, went to bed; and I only hope he did not get the nightmare.

Roland took up his place before the fire in the same chair and position vacated by Gerald. Thus he waited for Lady Augusta. It was not long before she came in.

"Come and sit down a bit, good mother," said Roland. "I want to talk to you."

"My dear, I am not in a talking humor," she answered. "My head aches, and I shall be glad to get to bed. It was a stupid, humdrum evening."

She was walking to the side-table to light her bed candle, but Roland interposed. He drew the couch close to the fire, settled his mother in it, and took his seat with her. She asked him what he had to say so particularly that night.

"I am going to tell you what it is. But don't you fly out at me, mother dear," he coaxingly added. "I find I can't get along here at all, mother, and I shall be off to Port Natal."

Lady Augusta did fly out—with a scream, and a start from her seat. Roland pulled her into it again.

"Now, mother, just listen to me quietly. I can't bear my life at Galloway's. I can't do the work. If I stopped at it, I'm not sure but I should do something desperate. You'd not like to see your son turn jockey, and ride in a pink silk jacket and yellow breeches on the race-course; and you'd not like to see him enlist for a soldier, or run away for a sailor? Well, worse than that might come, if I stopped at Galloway's. Taking it at the very best, I should only get worked into my grave."

"I will not hear another word, Roland," interrupted Lady Augusta. "How can you be so wicked and ungrateful?"

"What is there wicked in it?" asked Roland. "Besides, you don't know all. I can't tell you what I don't owe in Helstonleigh, and I have not got sixpence to pay it. You'd not like to see me marched off to prison, mother."

Lady Augusta gave another shriek.

"And there's a third reason why I wish to be away," went on Roland, drowning the noise. "But I'll not go into that, because it concerns myself alone."

Of course, the announcement that it concerned himself alone, only made my lady the more inquisitive to hear it. She peremptorily ordered Roland to disclose it to her.

But Roland could be as peremptory as she, and he declined, in positive terms, to explain further.

"It would not afford you any pleasure, mother," he said, "and I should not have mentioned it but as an additional reason why I must be off."

"You unhappy boy! You have been doing something dreadful!"

"It's not over good," acknowledged Roland. "Perhaps I'll write you word all about it from London. I have not smothered William Yorke, or set old Galloway's office on fire, and those respected gentlemen are my two *bêtes noires*. So don't look so scared, mother."

"Roland!" uttered Lady Augusta, as the fact struck her, "if you go off in this manner, all the money that was paid with you to Mr. Galloway will be lost! I might as well have sent it down the gutter."

"So I said at the time," answered cool Roland. "Never mind that, mother. What's that paltry hundred or two, compared to the millions I shall make? And as to these folks that I owe money to—"

"They'll be coming upon me," interposed Lady Augusta. "Heaven knows, *I* have enough to pay."

"They will do nothing of the sort," said Roland. "You have no legal right to pay my debts. Not one of them but has been contracted since I was of age. If they come to you, tell them so."

"Roland, Lord Carrick gave you money once or twice when he was here," resumed Lady Augusta. "I know he did. What have you done with it?"

"Money melts," responded Roland. "Upon my word and honor, then, I do believe it must melt at times; it vanishes so quickly."

My lady could not cavil at the assertion. She was only too much given to the same belief herself. Roland continued—

"In a little while—about three months, as I calculate—after my arrival at Port Natal, I shall be in a position to send funds home to pay what I owe; and, be assured, I will faithfully send them. There is the finest opening, mother, at Port Natal! Fortunes are being made there daily. In a few years' time I shall come with my pockets lined, and shall settle down by you for life."

"If I could but think the prospect was so good a one!" exclaimed Lady Augusta.

"It is," said Roland, emphatically. "Why, mother, Port Natal is all the rage: hundreds are going out. Were there no reasons to urge me away, you would be doing the most unwise thing possible to stand in the light of my going. If I were at something that I liked, that I was not worked to death at; if I did not owe a shilling; if my prospects here, in short, were first rate, and my life a bower of rose-leaves, I should do well to throw it all up for Port Natal."

"But in what manner are these great fortunes made!" wondered Lady Augusta.

"Of course, I shall acquire all that information. Stuck in this know-nothing Helstonleigh, I can only state the fact that they *are* made. I dare say I can find an opening for one or two of the boys out there."

Lady Augusta—persuadable as ever was a child—began to look upon the plan with less prejudiced eyes—as Roland would have styled it. As to Roland, so fully had he become imbued with the golden harvest to be gathered at Port Natal, that had an angel descended to undeceive him, he would have refused to listen.

"There will be the losing you, Roland," said Lady Augusta, hesitating whether she should scold or cry.

"Law, what's that!" returned Roland, slightingly. "You'll get over that in a day, and return thanks that there's one source of trouble less. Look here! If I were in the luck of having a good commission given me in some crack Indian regiment, would you not say, 'Oh, be joyful!' and start me off at once? What are you the worse for George's being away? Mother," he added, somewhat passionately, "*would* you like to see me tied down for life to an old proctor's office?"

"But, Roland, you cannot go out without money. There'll be your outfit and your passage; and you can't land with empty pockets."

"As to an outfit," said Roland, "you must not run your head upon such a one as George had. A few new shirts, and a pair or two of water-proof boots, that will be about all I shall want. I remember shirts and water-proof boots were mentioned by Bagshaw.—What I shall mostly want to buy will be tools, and household utensils: frying-pans and items of that sort."

"Frying-pans!" ejaculated Lady Augusta.

"I am sure frying-pans were mentioned," answered Roland. "Perhaps it was only one, though, for private use. I'll hunt up Bagshaw's list, and look over it."

"And where's the money to come from?" repeated my lady.

"I shall get it of Lord Carrick. I know he'll give me what I want. I often talked to him about Port Natal when he was here."

"I had a letter from him to-day," said Lady Augusta. "He will be returning to Ireland next week."

"Will he, though?" uttered Roland, aroused by the information. "I have no time to lose, then!"

"Well, Roland, I must hear more about this to-morrow, and consider it over," said my lady, rising to retire. "I have not said yet you are to go, mind."

"I shall go, whether you say it or not," replied frank Roland. "And when I come home with my pockets lined, a rich man for life, the first thing I'll buy shall be a case of diamonds for you."

"Stupid boy!" said she, laughing. "I shall be too old to wear diamonds then.

"Oh, no, you won't."

My lady gave him a hearty kiss, and went to bed and to sleep. The visions of Roland were not without their effect upon her, and she had a most delightful dream of driving about in a charming city, whose streets were paved with malachite marble, brilliant to look upon. How many times Roland had dreamt that Port Natal was paved with *gold*, he alone knew.

Had Roland been troubled with over-sensitiveness in regard to other people's feelings, and felt himself at a loss how to broach the matter to Mr. Galloway, he might have been pleased to find that the way was, in a degree, paved to him. On the following morning, Mr. Galloway was at the office considerably before his usual hour; consequently, before Roland Yorke. Upon looking over Roland's work of the previous day, he found that a deed—a deed that was in a hurry, too—had been imperfectly drawn out, and would have to be done over again. The cause must have been sheer carelessness, and Mr. Galloway naturally felt angered. When the gentleman arrived, he told him what he thought of his conduct, winding up the reproaches with a declaration that Roland did him no service at all, and would be as well out of the office as in it.

"I am glad of that, sir," was Roland's answer. "What I was about to tell you will make no difference, then. I wish to leave, sir."

"Do you?" retorted Mr. Galloway.

"I am going to leave, sir," added Roland, rather improving upon the assertion. "I am going to Port Natal."

Mr. Galloway was a little taken aback.

"Going to where?" cried he.

"To Port Natal."

"To Port Natal!" echoed Mr. Galloway, in unbounded astonishment, for not an inkling of Roland's long-thought-of project had ever reached him. "What on earth should you want there?"

"To make my fortune," replied Roland.

"Oh!" said Mr. Galloway. "When do you start?"

"It is quite true, sir," continued Roland.—"Of course, I could not go without informing you."

"Do you start to-day?" repeated Mr. Galloway, in the same mocking tone.

"No, I don't," said Roland; "but I *shall* start, sir, before long, and I beg you to believe me. I have talked Lady Augusta over to the plan, and I shall get the money for it from Lord Carrick. I might drum on here all my life, and never rise to be anything better that a proctor, besides having my life worked out of me; whereas, if I can get to Port Natal, my fortune's made. Hundreds and thousands of enterprising spirits are emigrating there, and they are all going to make their fortunes."

Had Mr. Galloway not been angry, he would have laughed outright.

"Yorke," said he, "did you ever hear of a sickness that fell suddenly upon this kingdom some years ago? It was called the gold fever. Hundreds and thousands, as you phrase it, caught the mania, and flocked out to the Australian gold-diggings, to 'make their fortunes' by picking up gold. Boy!" laying his hand on Roland's shoulder, "how many of those, think you, instead of making their fortunes, only went out TO DIE?"

"That was not Port Natal, sir."

"It was not. But, unless some of you wild young men come to your senses, we shall have a second edition of the Australian madness in Port Natal. Nothing can be more futile than these visionary schemes, Roland Yorke; they are like the apples of Sodom—fair and promising to the eye, full of ashes to the taste. Do not you be deceived by them."

"One *must* get on at Port Natal, sir."

"If one does not get 'off,'" returned Mr. Galloway, in a cynical tone, that chafed Roland's ear. "The stream that flocked out to the gold diggings all thought they should get on—each individual was fully persuaded he should come home in a year or two with a plum in each of his breeches pockets. Where one made his way—made wealth—Roland, many starved, died, vanished, it was not known how; were never heard of by their friends more, or saw old England again.—What good do you suppose *you* could do at Port Natal?"

"I intend to do a great deal," said Roland.

"But suppose you found you could do none—suppose it, I say—what would become of you out in a strange place, without money and without friends?"

"Well," returned Roland, who was never at a loss for an answer, "if such an impossible thing as a failure were to turn up, I should come back to my uncle Carrick, and make him start me in something else."

"Ah!" mockingly observed Mr. Galloway, "a rolling stone gathers no moss. Meanwhile, Mr. Roland Yorke, suppose you come down from the clouds to your proper business.—Draw out this deed again, and see if you can accomplish it to a little more purpose than you did yesterday."

Roland, liking the tone less and less, sat down and grew sullen.

"Don't say I did not give you notice, sir," he observed.

But Mr. Galloway vouchsafed no reply.—Indeed, it may be questioned if he heard the remark, for he went into his own room at the moment Roland spoke, and shut the door after him.

"Mocking old caterpillar!" grumbled angry Roland. "No fortunes at Port Natal! I'd go off, if it was only to tantalize *him*!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHICKAHOMINY HISTORY.—The Chickahominy river, all know, from the reports of Gen. McClellan's operations, to be a small stream in the vicinity of Richmond, which broadens and deepens gradually in its course. Some time before it reaches the James river, into which it empties, thirty-seven miles above Fortress Monroe; it is affected by the tides, and at the mouth is, as it appears from the James, between two and three miles wide. The Chickahominy is the stream which Capt. John Smith was exploring when he was captured by the warriors of Powhattan. It is believed he was captured somewhere near the scene of the late battle. It will be remembered that its banks were in the days of John Smith, as now, noted for marshes. Smith was mired in the swamp when the savages pounced upon him.—*Exchange.*

TAKES SEVEN PRISONERS.—Capt. McFarland, of the 58rd Pennsylvania, recently was taken prisoner. As he was led towards the rear, he was overtaken by a group of rebels carrying a wounded rebel officer to the rear. McFarland was polite to them. He assisted the group through the underbrush with which the woods was lined, turned aside the high bushes and briars and made the way easy, and helped them over the ditches. But almost insensibly he turned the direction from that which they had originally taken. In a little while they came upon our pickets. "Who goes there?" said the sentry. "A friend," said McFarland, "with seven prisoners."

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS AT NEW ORLEANS.—The gratifying intelligence of a resumption of specie payments by the banks of New Orleans is thus conveyed by the True Delta of the 11th:—

"Some of the banks are, we understand, preparing themselves for the resumption of specie payments, and in our columns the Bank of America announces that this important step has been already taken by that hitherto very successfully administered corporation. This is as it should be, and is very commendable. Our views on the currency question have been so frequently given in these columns since the stupidly dishonest suspension of September, that it would be superfluous now to reproduce them; but we may with propriety ask, what earthly good can accrue to any bank or any individual by an obstinate resistance to proceedings that can neither be set aside or disregarded? Is there a banking institution in New Orleans so senselessly conducted as to suppose that the interest of the community must be ever made subservient to its own, and that its profits, legitimate or illegimate, are the only considerations that must be allowed to have weight or importance?"

DURING last week the enormous amount of one million four hundred and thirteen thousand four hundred and eighty-four bushels of grain, and thirty-five thousand four hundred and thirty-two barrels of flour were shipped from New York for Europe, the most of it going to Europe.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been more active this week; sales comprise 17,000 bbls, in lots, mostly taken for shipment, at $4,75 for good Western superfine; $4,62½@4,87½ for spring Wheat extra; $4,90@5 for do extra family; $5,12½@5,35 for good winter Wheat extra; $5,25@5,75 for do extra family, and $6 for fancy Ohio and Illinois; including city mills, extra, at $5,50; do do family at $5,50@6,02½. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent mostly within the above range of prices, according to brand and quality, and low grade Western superfine at $4,25@4,62½ ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is selling, in lots, as wanted at $3,25@3,50 ₱ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is scarce, and fresh ground Penna Meal rather better, 1000 bbls good having been sold at $2,75, and 800 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are light, but the demand, both for shipment and milling, has been moderate and the market unsettled and rather lower, with sales of about 35,000 bus to note, in lots, at 120@125c for Western and Penna reds, including some small lots Southern sold at 128c and white at 130@137c, as in quality, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is steady and Penna sells on arrival at 87c. Corn is scarce and prime lots find ready sale at full rates, some 30,000 bus having been taken at 58c for yellow, afloat, 52c in store and in the cars, and white at 60c, including damaged, which is very unsalable at 40@50c, as to condition. Oats have been dull and neglected, and only about 25,000 bus found buyers mostly at 40c for prime Penna, weight. Barley and Malt remain very quiet, the season being over.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally continues dull and drooping, and the prices of most kinds nearly nominal. Mess Pork selling in a small way at $11¼@11½. Beef is steady at $12@15 for mess, the latter for city packed. For Bacon the sales are mostly in job lots, at 5@8¼c for common and fancy Hams; 4@4¼c for Shoulders, and 6@6¼c for Sides.—Green Meats are very unsaleable, and prices favor the buyer in the few sales making. We note some Hams in pickle at 6@6¼c, and Shoulders in salt at 3¼@3¾c. Lard is firmly held, and about 1000 tcs and bbls have been disposed of at 8¼@8¾c, mostly at 8¼@8¾c, cash; some irregular country packed sold at 7¼@7¾c, and kegs at 8¾@9c, as in quality. Butter is firm, and packed sells more freely at 11@14c, the latter for choice lots. Cheese is steady at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs are worth 12@12½c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The stock on sale is very light, and the market firm,; about 400 bales sold at 25@32c cash for ordinary to middling quality.

ASHES—Both kinds are firm, with small sales within the range of quotations.

BARK comes in slowly, and further small sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron are reported at $33½ ₱ ton, at which rate the demand is steady; Tanners' Bark is selling at $10@12 for chestnut, and $11@14 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce and good yellow is worth 23c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is not much demand for anthracite either for shipment or home use. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $4,25@4,50; Prepared do $4,25@4,50; Red Ash do $4,25@4,50; Lehigh Lump do $4,50@4,75; Prepared do $4,50@4,75; by retail do $5,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $5,25.

COFFEE—The market is firm, with a very light stock to operate, in, and sales comprise only about 800 bags, mostly Rio, with the range of 18½@21c and Laguayra at 21@21½c on time.

COPPER is unchanged and the sales confined to yellow metal at 22c for sheets and 24c for bolts on time.

FEATHERS are quiet but firm, with sales of 4000 lbs Western to note at 37@40c ₱ lb, the latter for prime lots.

FRUIT—In dried fruit there is little or nothing doing, the season being over. Green fruit is beginning to arrive freely, and commands fair prices.

HAY is in steady demand at 60@70c the 100 lbs.

HEMP continues inactive, and the stock nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS move off as wanted at 15@18c ₱ lb, as in quality, and the market is firm.

IRON—Most holders of Pig Metal are asking a further advance, but there is very little doing, and sales comprise about 600 tons Anthracite in lots at $23 for No 1, and $23 for No 2, on time. No 3 is held at $20, 6 mos, without sales. Scotch Pig is also firmer, but the sales continue limited and the stock light. In Manufactured Iron there is more activity.

LEAD is firm, with a light stock to operate in. The only sale we hear of is about 500 pigs by auction at $6,62½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—Business is fair for the season, with further sales of White Pine Boards at $14@16; Yellow Sap do $13@14, and Laths at $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is rather quiet, with but little inquiry from the trade, and about 900 hhds found buyers at 28@29c for Cuba Muscovado, and 29c for English Island, on time.

PLASTER—A further sale of Soft was made at $2,50 ₱ ton, and the receipts and sales are light.

RICE—The demand continues limited and the sales confined to a few small lots East India at 5@5¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little doing in any kind, and we have only to note 500 bush Cloverseed sold at $5, and some small sales from second hands at $3@3,25 ₱ bus. Timothy and Flaxseed are at a stand still; we quote the former nominally at $1,75, and the latter at $2@2,10 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are very quiet. N E Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey has advanced, and large sales of bbls are reported at 24½@26½c for Pennsylvania and Western, and Drudge at 22½@23½c, now generally held higher.

SUGARS—The market has been more active. Sales comprise 1000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 6¼@7¼c; some English Island at 7¼c, and Porto Rico at 8@8¼c; all on the usual credit.

TALLOW—There is very little offering, and further sales of City are reported at 8½@9c ₱ lb the latter for Butchers' Association.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet for the want of stock, and for Manufactured prices are tending upward.

WOOL—The new clip is beginning to come in more freely; sales to some extent are reported at 45@47c cash for common to quarter blood Fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1511 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ₱ head. 3300 Sheep were sold at from $3,50 to 4,00 ₱ cwt gross. 500 Hogs sold at $4,50 to 5,25 ₱ cwt net.

A STORY OF A CHICKEN.—The Boston Journal says:—We can vouch for the truth of the following: A friend who keeps poultry, had two hens which insisted upon setting upon one nest. The result was not altogether favorable, although, after a while, the bipeds managed to divide the eggs. Only one chicken was hatched from the whole nest full. Both hens undertook the duties of mother to this chicken, and were quite motherly for a week, when both took it into their heads to go roost at night, utterly regardless of the loud "peep! peep!" of the deserted chicken, which could not follow them. The little fellow managed to fly upon the top of a barrel, where, curious enough, the old cock—the head of the family—took compassion upon him, and roosting upon the barrel, sheltered him under his wing. This he now does nightly, the hens taking care of the chick in the day time, who is thriving well under this excess of maternal and paternal care.

PARAGRAPH 1,969 Army Regulations is modified so that private physicians employed as medical officers with an army in the field in time of war may be allowed a sum not exceeding one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month, besides transportation in kind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ROBERT ALLEN, to Miss SARAH E. BEDFORD.

On the 2d of Dec. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. THOMAS ADLETON, to Miss EMMA M. DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 26th of May, 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. NATHAN KENNEY, to Miss EMMA SHEPHERD, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Mann, Mr. BERNARD G. MULLER, to Miss AMELIA, only daughter of Matthias Hauser, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE, to Miss AMELIA BOYD, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. HUGH CHESNEY, to Miss REBECCA SMITH, both of Bucks county.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Dr. JOHN HURST, to Miss MARY ELIZABETH, only daughter of Alex. Jackson, Esq. both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, JONATHAN GRAHAM, Esq. to KATE F. GAMBLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, JESSE JONES, aged 48 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. WILLIAM HARTMAN, in his 55th year.

On the 13th instant, JACOB REAKIRT, in his 73d year.

On the 17th instant, NICHOLAS GEITMAN, in his 99th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY CAMP, in her 75th year.

On the 16th instant, MELAINA E. daughter of Geo. and Sophia E. Fletcher, in her 21st year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. RUTH BEATTY, in her 74th year.

On the 15th instant, MARY BRADBURY, in her 64th year.

On the 14th instant, SAMUEL HAMMEL, in his 83d year.

On the 14th instant, ELLEN BROWN, daughter of Mary and the late Joseph Brown, aged 19 years.

On the 17th instant, AMELIA G. daughter of George K. and Elizabeth C. Zeigler, in her 11th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 21, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 to 50 dis.
Canada	¼ per	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	2 dis.	New Brunswick	12 dis.
Delaware	4 dis.	New Hampshire	4 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 to ½ dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to ½ dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	¼ to ½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 50 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 50 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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Wit and Humor.

MY COURTSHIP.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

There was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn squencht their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forreds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to observe,—"How thick the Wards and the Peaseleys air!" It was a surblime sight, in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitely Billin sope together & aboosin the nabers.

Altho I hankered intensely arter the objeck of my affeckshuns, I darsent tell her of the fires that was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollop up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deceast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old-fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn floor.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht, and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's paster. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville scool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was okepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed—

"Betsey, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effeck it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed—

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I—

"Betsey, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there, now, cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winters to my Sole!" sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowed her hed down and commenst chawin the strings of her sun bonnet.

"Ar, could you know the sleepliss nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and seveerly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsey Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed—

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, and was made one that very nite.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHN BROWN.

When John Brown, D. D., first settled in Haddington, Scotland, the people of the parish gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception; only one of the members of that large church and congregation stood out in opposition to him. The reverend Doctor tried all the means in his power to convert the solitary dissenter to the unity of feeling which pervaded the whole body, but all his efforts to obtain an interview proved abortive. As Providence directed, however, they happened one day to meet in the street, when the Doctor held out his hand, saying—

"My brother, I understand you are opposed to my settling at Haddington?"

"Yes, sir," replied the parishioner.

"Well, and if it be a fair question, on what grounds do you object to me?"

"Because, sir," quoth he, "I don't think you are qualified to fill so eminent a post."

"That is my opinion," replied the Doctor; "but what, sir, is the use of you and me setting up our opinions in opposition to a whole parish?"

The brother smiled, and their friendship was sealed forever. How very true is it that "A soft answer turns away wrath."

NOTES BY A HORRIDLY SATIRICAL CREATURE.

Woman first resorted to tight-lacing, to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

Time works wonders on the faces of Mrs. Tittyvate's friends; but Time never touches Mrs. T.

How beautiful is woman when adversity frowns upon her sister. It is touching to behold the resignation with which a woman sees her best friend compelled, by circumstances, to put down the carriage, and suppress her lady's maid.

Widows' Weeds are easily got rid of by planting a late variety of the *Syringa*—perhaps better known as orange-blossom.

Love at first sight often leads to marriage with the eyes shut.

When I see a bee in the cup of an orange-blossom, he reminds me of the day when the confectioner called for his bill for a certain wedding-breakfast.—*London Punch.*

The Self-Possessed Actor.—The late Charles Incledon was proverbial for the coolness with which he regarded the turbulence of the audience. He always listened to the "storm" with the utmost nonchalance, and occasionally addressed the noisy tenants of Olympus. One evening he was prevented from singing by a dire conflict in the most classical part of the house; and after pacing the stage for some time, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," he pulled his watch deliberately from his fob, and thus addressed them:—"Ladies and gentlemen, if you would contrive to finish this row in a quarter of an hour, I would esteem it as a particular favor. I'm engaged to sup with a friend at half-past eleven, and I have very little time to spare." This good-humored rebuke had the desired effect, and the belligerent parties "grounded arms" immediately.

Looking in the Wrong Box.—A Mr. Thomas Ogden, having arrived in New York from England, went several successive mornings to the Post-office to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas Hogden, the postmaster invariably replied that there was none for him. But becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head through the delivery window, and soon discovered the cause. "You are looking among the *Hatches*, sir," he said to the officer within; "you should look among the *Hoes!*"

SCENE ON AN EGYPTIAN RAILROAD.

At last, out of the intense white sunshine into the shadowy station comes the sluggish train, slow and sombre as any fresh puntful of ill-starred dead arriving in Hades. No busy bell rings. There is no sign of any real guards to marshal passengers. A young man, in a bright red fez and a brighter sash than his companions opens the carriage-doors, and that is all. I see no one in my carriage but two Cairene youths, and an old imperturbable Turk in red turned-up slippers and a sweltering curry-powder-colored pelisse—a great Turk, with grizzly beard and a huge sealing-wax-looking signet-ring, mounted in silver, on the rugose fore-finger of his right hand. In a wash-leather bag in the breast-pocket of his third jacket, he carries a large chased gold watch, to which he occasionally applies his tawny old eyes. The boys are limp pert hobbledehoys, in Greek dress, whose whole attention seems absorbed by the cotton-fields we pass. The blue gowns and bare feet, the water jugs, and palm mats, and prayer carpets, and tins, and brass waiters, are all stowed away. The ibises, whiter than letter-paper, wade in the creeks; the vulture whirls and poises in the sky; the crows croak under the feather umbrellas of the palms; the brown children, clothed only in sunshine, roll and play about the mudfort villages, where the pigeons veer gray and white in the shifting clouds, and where the palm-trees rise in thickest columns; everywhere through the soft, black mud of the newly subsided Nile rises the sharp, green corn-blade. All Egypt wears the prophet's favorite and sanctified color. The Arabs in the train are just getting into a social condition—for every Egyptian is by birthright courteous, affable, and gracious in manner, though he may be envious, greedy, and slippery, having, indeed, a little too much of the newly escaped slave about him. The Arab is a story-teller, a proverb quoter, a creature fond of hearing poems read over his coffee, a humorist, and by no means a fool, though very ignorant and very superstitious; not the less ignorant because quick-witted, not the less superstitious because his religion is dying out.—*All the Year Round.*

LUTHER'S WEDDING RING.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal says that Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., have at their store a genuine curiosity.—It is the wedding ring of Martin Luther. It is in a capital state of preservation—contains Luther's name in Latin—the date of the marriage, 25th of June, 1525, and the ornamental parts show the coil, the ladder, the crucifix, the mitre, and other religious emblems. It has been repaired repeatedly on the inside, and the identity of the ring is complete. Several documents are connected with it to prove that it is genuine. It belongs to one of the chaplains of Gen. Blenker's division, and it will be on exhibition for some time.

One of the boldest acts of Luther's life was his marriage. The tone of the Reformation was not then up to the marriage of the Priesthood. The alliance formed with a runaway nun made the deed doubly daring. Even men who adhered to Luther's faith were startled, and said, "Of the monk and the nun surely anti-Christ will be born." The ring by which that act was consummated has great historical value.

"Skedaddle."—The Historical Magazine for the current month says that this word may be easily traced to a Greek origin, and that the original word is used by at least two great historians, in reporting the dispersion of routed armies. A correspondent of the Magazine thus speaks of skedaddle:—It is of both Swedish and Danish origin, and has been in common use for several years through the North-West, in the vicinity of immigrants from those nations. It is Americanized only in orthography; the Swedes spelling it, "*skuddadahl*," while the Danes spell it "*skyedoedahl*," both having precisely the same signification. This phrase is also becoming Indianised, at least among the Sioux, who frequently use it in place of their word "*poch-a-chee*," which signifies "clear out," "go off," &c. I will also add that the Swedes use the word *skudda*, and the Danes the word *skyeda*, in the same sense as we do the word "scud."

☞ The rations of brandy for the Prussian soldiers are to be stopped, and instead, two-fifth oz. a day of coffee are to be served and in war half an oz. per day.

LIFE AT THE SEA-SHORE.

Charley (*who is wet through for the ninth time*).—"Oh, ma! we've been so jolly!—We've been filling one another's hair with sand, and making boats of our boots, and having such fun!"

Fresh Air.—All persons generally, and invalids particularly, should be very careful in having an abundant supply of pure air.—This is very apt to be neglected in sleeping apartments. In sitting-rooms, warmed by the hot-air stove or furnace, the air is contaminated, unless special attention is paid to ventilation. Indeed, no room is fit to sit nor sleep in unless there is some inlet for the fresh air, and an outlet for the impure air. In fevers and other acute diseases, fresh air should in all weathers be freely admitted into the sick room; and in putrid, infectious, and contagious disorders, as yellow fever, small-pox, etc., the supply should be abundant. Invalids will find it an excellent practice to *ventilate* the lungs each morning before breakfast, by half-a-dozen or more deep inspirations and prolonged expirations.

Bathing.—"When is the best time to take a tepid bath or washing?" Ans.—Always bathe, if you can be master or mistress of ceremonies, at such a time of day as indicates that your body is in the highest degree of vigor. I am satisfied, from long experience, and patient observation, that morning bathing is an unhygienic application; hence, morning baths are never given at Our Home, unless under special exigencies.

"Shall one take a bath daily?" Ans.—That depends upon the condition in which the person is. In many instances daily bathing is a requisite to good health; in other cases not at all necessary. One must settle that question in the light of particular exposures and conditions of life to which he or she may be subjected.—"*Laws of Life.*"

Wesley's Love Affairs.—Rev. John Wesley, the famed founder of the Wesleyan denomination of Methodists, was unfortunate in his love-matters. Successively, he cherished an ardent affection for, or in common parlance "fell deeply in love" with, a Miss Causton, the niece of Gen. Oglethorpe, who planted "the Colony of Georgia"—and Grace Murry, his intelligent and comely servant maid. But both, as the facts of matrimony would have it, were joined in conjugal alliance to other parties. Mr. Wesley at length married a rich widow—a Mrs. Vicelle—who, unfortunately for them both, and without the least cause, became jealous of him, and finally left his house, never to return.—*English Paper.*

Agricultural.

THE PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

[The following address to the farmers of Massachusetts, recently issued by the Cattle Commissioners of that state, will probably prove of interest to the farmers of all sections. We find it in the Boston Cultivator:]

TO THE FARMERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The disease termed pleuro-pneumonia has appeared in several herds of cattle in the eastern portion of the state during the present season. The State Cattle Commissioners have adopted the most effective measures to prevent its dissemination. All cattle that have been exposed, with the expection of four, have been destroyed. The Commissioners have been forced to this mode of action by the logic of facts. Those have been scrutinized with the utmost care and vigilance. No opportunities have been suffered to pass without improvement, and no efforts have been regarded as vain which promised to throw light upon the origin and characteristics of the disease. Two of the three Commissioners commenced their labors with a feeling that by careful inquiry and by thorough examination, they should be enabled to demonstrate to the public the inexpediency of the action of the former Board of Commissioners, as well as the groundlessness of the apprehensions of many in regard to the fatal character of the disease.

A number of persons had published treatises to prove that pleuro-pneumonia was generated in poorly-ventilated barns, and was not infectious. The facts, as developed to the Commissioners, have constrained them to discard their first impressions, and to deny the positions of the various writers before alluded to. They have, moreover, thoroughly convinced themselves that the worst apprehensions in regard to the disease are well founded and wise. They have found the disease prevailing in barns of every variety of structure, and of all degrees of ventilation, and even in the open fields. They have traced it from root to branches, whither it flows as surely as the sap flows in trees. They do not find a single case outside of the line of transmission. As surely as every rivulet tends towards the sea, does each case connect itself with its fountain head. The conclusion is irresistible, that if any disease be infectious this one is. In Massachusetts the disease was introduced by four Dutch cattle imported by Mr. Chenery, of Belmont.

But it is said the same disease exists in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The Commissioners determined to see for themselves. They went to New Jersey. They were met in Bordentown by a veterinary surgeon of that place, Dr. Jennings, by a large stock-breeder and noble-hearted farmer, Adolph Mailliard, and by others, members of a Committee of the Agricultural Societies. They visited herds which had been infected with disease; found some where a large portion had died. They killed and examined a sick cow, and identified the disease with that in Massachusetts. In all instances where it existed, it had been introduced by cattle brought from Philadelphia. The apprehensions of the farmers in that region had been aroused, and the Commissioners found that a species of isolation had been resorted to; but this was far from being thorough and efficient. Cattle were allowed on the highway, even in some of the infected districts. Very erroneous impressions existed in regard to the character of the disease, even among those who were called to treat it. Attention was given only to such animals as had come down with the disease, and attempts were made to treat these by various remedial processes, and those which lived and recovered their vital energies were regarded as safe—an error, than which, none more fatal exists. It has been demonstrated to the Commissioners for Massachusetts, that the last state of this disease is more pernicious than the first—in other words, that recovery is worse than death. We say to the farmers of Massachusetts, when the disease appears in your herds, separate the sick from the well, and both from all other cattle; fatten the cattle, if you can, for beef, and kill all of them. This is the only safe and effective remedy.

The Commissioners followed the trail of the Bordentown disease to Philadelphia. There the disease had committed great ravages; one man was reported as having lost his entire herd of sixty cattle. Treatment was here resorted to as in Bordentown, but the disease had evidently become an *institution*, and was looked upon with apathy by all classes. They neither looked for its origin nor contemplated its future. Hence, as in England, many regard the disease very much as they do those diseases which affect various kinds of fruit trees; as an evil to be endured, which will have its course and then disappear. In the meantime they must drink the milk and eat the meat of animals whose inflamed or putrid lungs cannot supply the due and healthy proportion of oxygen to the blood.

From Philadelphia the Commissioners proceeded to Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit the herds said to be infected with a milk-disease similar in its character to the pleuro-pneumonia of Massachusetts. They went directly to Skillman street, to the place described by Frank Leslie in his illustrated paper. Near the cattle-sheds were several cows apparently dying from disease, whose symptoms did not differ from those of cattle infected with pleuro-pneumonia. Leslie's description had impressed us with the idea that the cows in these places had been fed with offal collected from the city, and that in consequence, and by reason of bad ventilation, the disease had been there generated. This opinion seems to have been endorsed by the surgeons who had visited those places. They had entire misrepresented the state of the case. By the kindness and favor of Messrs. Wilson and Fletcher, distillers, we were permitted to examine the cattle of various milk dairies. Mr. Fletcher, who, by the way, is a Massachusetts man and every inch a gentleman, conducted us through the cattle sheds and explained to us the mode of feeding. The "swill," about which so much is said, proved to be nothing more or less than the distillery grains, so highly prized in this region for feeding cattle. In addition to these, more hay of the very best quality is fed out than is generally fed by farmers of Massachusetts.

It was evident to us that no disease was there generated. Mr. Fletcher kindly procured for us a sick cow, which was killed and examined, and proved to be affected with the genuine infectious pleuro-pneumonia.—One man had lost his whole herd of forty by the disease. Whence did it come? The information was voluntarily proffered. It was brought over by a cow in a ship from England about the year 1850. This cow was taken on board to supply milk, and after the arrival of the ship, was sold to a dairyman near the South Ferry, in Brooklyn. This cow had the veritable pleuro-pneumonia, which she disseminated, and which previously had never been known there. The disease spread with great rapidity, annually taking off more than fifteen per cent. of the cattle. The practice of inoculation was resorted to, but without beneficial results. The value of the milk business in that section is nearly destroyed. The cattle that do not die are fattened and killed for beef, which confines the disease, happily, to that region.

Farmers of Massachusetts! be not beguiled into a false security. By efficient regulations and prompt action, this fatal disease may be excluded from the limits of our state. But in this matter, the price of exemption is eternal vigilance. Be on your guard; keep all unknown and suspected cattle far from your herds. See that no stray cows are allowed to wander in your streets, and even take care to know the state of each herd whence come cows to be served by your bulls. Especially be cautious as to the cattle sent to a distance in the country to be pastured, and do not allow them to be returned to your farms in the fall without a clean bill of health. Be not afraid of being thought "fussy," and, in particular, place no reliance upon the theories of inexperienced or prejudiced parties who may strive to persuade you that this disease is not infectious, or that animals which have once had it and have recovered, are safe companions for other cattle. Total abstinence from all that can contaminate is the only safety. This is our faith, the result of our study and experience.

James Ritchie,
E. F. Thayer,
Henry L. Sabine,
Cattle Commissioners.

Boston, June 3, 1862.

Useful Receipts.

Preserves.—Preserves keep with less cooking, if after being boiled awhile, they are taken out of their syrup and dried in the sun: the juice being put in glass jars, and standing also in the sun. Quinces and peaches are better and far less troublesome, preventing burning, by chipping an hour after the fruit is taken out; when done in this way they will be whole and clear. You can make a jam by boiling them slowly for two hours; or a jelly, as currants.

Frosted Fruit.—Take large, ripe cherries, apricots, plums or grapes; if cherries, cut off half of the stem; have in one dish some white of an egg beaten, and in another some powdered loaf-sugar; take the fruit, one at a time, and roll them first in the egg, and then in the sugar; lay them on a sheet of white paper in a sieve, and set it on the top of a stove, or near a fire, till the icing is hard.

Crystallized Plums.—Stone them and put 1 pound plums to ½ pound sugar: cook them to a pulp: then spread on broad dishes to dry: pack them away in glass jars.—When wanted to serve, take a little and roll in powdered sugar the shape of plums.

Peach Leather.—Stew peaches as if for pies, taking out the stones and making into a pulp: put this on planed boards on a roof in the sun; in a few days it will be dry enough to peel off the boards. Roll it, and put it away dry.

To Clean the Back of the Grate, the Inner Hearth, and the Fronts of Cast-Iron Stoves.—Boil about a quarter pound of the best black lead with a pint of small-beer and a bit of soap the size of a walnut. When this is melted, dip a painter's brush, and wet the grate, having first brushed off all the soot and dust; then take a hard brush and rub it till of a beautiful brightness.

Ink Spots.—How to Take Out of Linen or Calico.—Cut a lemon in half, and press the stained part close over one half of the lemon, until it is wet with the juice. Then place on it a hot iron, and the spots will soon disappear.

Indian Batter Cakes.—One bowl of wheat meal, two full bowls of Indian meal, three eggs, teaspoon and a half of saleratus, tablespoon of salt. The batter must not be too thin. These cakes are very nice and can be made up an hour before tea.

Cottage Pudding.—Two teacups of sugar, four teacups of flour, two cups of milk, four tablespoons of butter, four eggs, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, and two teaspoons of soda. It takes about a half an hour to bake.

Custard Rice-Pudding.—Take a large teacup of rice to two quarts of milk, boil slowly an hour and thirty minutes, add the yolks of four eggs with the milk; when sufficiently cool, beat the whites to a froth and mix with it a large teacup of sugar, and flavor it to your taste. Half an hour will bake the pudding.

To Freshen Celery for Garnishing.—Take the outer thick white and green stalks, cut them about a finger's length; then select a cork, stick it full of coarse needles, and carefully draw each piece of celery over the cork, leaving at the end about an inch of the celery stick to remain unfringed; when all the fibrous parts are separated, lay the celery for 2 hours in cold water to curl and crisp. Lay it thickly on salads.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 11, 5, 8, 20, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 2, 6, 21, 12, 25, is a county in Michigan.
My 4, 5, 27, 14, is a county in Ohio.
My 7, 8, 18, 23, 15, is a county in Kentucky.
My 9, 17, 6, 28, 19, is a county in Kentucky.
My 10, 12, 7, 27, 16, 6, 24, is a county in Mississippi.
My 13, 8, 25, 1, 6, 9, 12, 3, is a county in Illinois.
My 22, 12, 26, 28, is a county in Illinois.
My 26, 21, 10, 14, 11, 3, 8, 18, 28, is a county in Louisiana.
My 29, 9, 6, 3, 23, 3, 7, is a county in Georgia.
My whole is a distinguished General in the Federal army.

Newport, R. I. ED. NEWTON.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, is a city in New York.
My 28, 29, 30, 31, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 1, 8, 26, is a cape of the United States.
My 2, 6, 5, 10, 11, is a river in Brazil.
My 10, 8, 3, 12, 2, is an island west of Scotland.
My 4, 21, 11, 20, is a desert in Asia.
My 25, 26, 27, 10, 12, 5, 4, 5, 5, 14, is an island in Australasia.
My 27, 3, 7, 3, 6, 2, is a city in one of the West India Islands.
My 13, 5, 4, 22, 6, is a county in Michigan.
My whole is the name and residence of one of our Presidents. F. R. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 2, 7, 15, 16, 5, 9, 11, is a division in Europe.
My 1, 20, is a preposition.
My 19, 5, 13, 16, 5, is the place Hannibal first defeated the Romans.
My 17, 3, 21, 6, is a noun.
My 23, 12, 10, is used in every family.
My 14, 9, is an abbreviation.
My 4, indicates one of the points of the compass.
My whole should be found in every family in the land. A. C. L.

Neffsville, Pennsylvania.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 17, 18, 5, 7, 25, is a man of extraordinary stature.
My 4, 19, 6, 15, 8, 24, 14, 11, is a town in Indiana.
My 3, 22, 23, 27, 30, 6, is one of the seasons.
My 12, 13, 5, is a domestic animal.
My 20, 21, 19, is a beverage.
My 9, 20, 2, 5, 7, 26, 1, 17, is a pilferer's act.
My 23, 24, is a pronoun.
My 10, 16, 17, is a portion of the body.
My whole is a promising institution of learning just budding forth in northern Indiana. OLIVER.

CHARADE.

My first denotes company,
My second shuns company,
My third assembles company,
My whole amuses company.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, to divide a segment of a circle into two equal parts by a line running parallel to the chord; the chord being 12 feet, and the radius to which it belongs 10 feet. How far from the chord towards the arc must said line be drawn?

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y. S. G. CAGROIN.

GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION QUESTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two series of numbers in geometrical progression, each of which has its first term and ratio equal; the number of terms in each series is equal to the first term or ratio of the other; the sum of the first series is 780, and the sum of the second series is 1864. Required—the two series of numbers?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Who is the most liberal man? Ans.—The grocer; he gives almost everything a weigh.

☞ Who would make the best soldiers? Ans.—Dry goods men; they have the most drilling.

☞ Who is the laziest man? Ans.—The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.

☞ Why is a leaky barrel like a coward? Ans.—Because it runs.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The horrible massacre at Wyoming, Pennsylvania, which occurred on the first of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-eight. CHARADE.—Night-in-gale. RIDDLE.—More—Rome. REBUS.—Fort Macon, N. Carolina. (Fountain, Oregon C, Russia, Taylor, Montevideo, Archangel, Cincinnati, Old Town, New Grenada.) ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—72 weeks.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by A. Martin, published April 26.—Sides of garden 150.982, 181.168, 252.095 and 102.440 feet. Area of garden 28932.7 square feet.

Clinton Co., Ohio. DAVID WICKERSHAM.

Answer to PROBLEM by Uncle William, published May 10th.—D. received for his share 14 7-10 acres more than C.

Messrs. Editors:—I think the *true* answer to the PROBLEM by S. G. Cagroin, published March 1st, is as follows:—The minor axis of the farm is 50 chains; the sides of the maximum inscribed rectangle are 35.3553390593 chains, and 49.497474683 chains; and its area is 175 acres. The area of each of the segments cut off by the shorter sides of the rectangle is 34.06127501 acres, and the area of each of the segments cut off by the longer sides of the rectangle is 14.9384936577 acres. The whole farm contains 274.86933718 acres. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.